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The Spirit of the South.

THE PROPOSED RESTORATION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

From The Charleston Standard.

In proposing to plant the standard of reaction in the very faces of our adversaries, and to reassert and legitimate the slave trade, we would do ourselves injustice, perhaps, if we were to leave the subject without seeming to have considered the horrors with which it is supposed to be surrounded, and which renders it so offensive to the better sentiment of mankind. That there are horrors around the slave trade, is possible, as there are horrors around every other form of exodus. When we look at the subject with a view to its painful circumstances, we see misery in emigrations to the West—ties are sundered—comforts are abandoned—pain, ills and exposure attend every step of the way. At the South, the removal generally takes place in families—most usually in the Winter, and we have known frequent instances in which children have been born by the way, with no protection but the tent-cloth from snow and storms. *There are horrors around the slave trade between the States. The negroes are bought up, one by one, wherever the exigencies of the owner renders it necessary that they shall be sold. They are torn from associations which are dearer to them from the limited range of their ideas*—they are marched with little apparent regard for comfort to places of which they have no knowledge, and to a life with respect to which they have no hope, but only the certainty they must ultimately be subjected to the authority and the caprice of a master upon whose sympathies they can have no claim. But of no form of exodus are there more peculiar horrors than hangs around the pauper movement from Europe to America. There the poor wretch is forced into voluntary exile; he must not only suffer the severance of every tie which binds him to his friends and home, but must himself become the operator; great are the miseries of departure, he must have suffered great misery to compel him to incur them; the painful accumulation of years is exhausted in the payment of his passage; the interest of the shipowner is invoked to allow him the smallest space and the smallest range of comfort consistent with a contract which he will never have the ability to enforce; his death is a gain to the proprietor, and while thousands die and are slided from planks into the sea with as little concern as stale meat is thrown overboard, all suffer miseries, wants and privations, which, if it should ever become the interests of philanthropists to paint, would, perhaps, be the darkest spot upon the records of humanity.

While, therefore, there may be horrors in the slave trade we have failed to find the reason for believing that they are greater than are necessarily attendant upon any other form of human movement. On the contrary, we see the reason for believing that they will be less. Of the slaves who start from Africa, very few leave a condition to which they can be much attached—the most, perhaps all of them, must be the slaves of a barbarian master, and if not sold to the slavetrader, must be sacrificed to grace a religious festival. The trader, also, is under great obligations to extend a care and comfort which is not incurred by the emigrant contractor. The slave becomes his property, and he is pledged by the precise amount of money paid for him, to bring him safely, and by a considerable portion of his value, to bring him in health; and his interests are sufficient under ordinary circumstances, to make him adopt every means that may be necessary to that end, and though it may be true, that while the trade is not legitimated, the extraordinary profits of an illicit operation may induce a disregard of life which merits the severest reprobation of the philanthropist, we are clear in the conviction that if legalized and presented as a proper field for capital, that the slave trade will be conducted with more humanity—with more considerate regard for the well-being of the slave, and with less mortality than can possibly be rendered consistent with the transportation of paupers from Europe. The question is, not what have been the accidental features of the trade, but what are its essential conditions? and these, we believe, are as conservative of the well-being of the negro as the most enlightened philanthropist could require.

Nor, in fact, is even this the precise question. *The slave trade exists, and as long as there is a want for slaves in the South and West it will continue. At present they are torn from houses in Maryland, Virginia, and North and South Carolina, and the question is—should they not rather be brought from Africa?* From thence they can be brought with less inhumanity than a labouring population can ever be taken from one country to another, and infinitely less than characterizes the trade between the States. They come with the rupture of no preëxisting ties. They come from the depths of barbarism to the very brightest light of civilization—from destitution to abundance—from social mortality to usefulness and life, and they come to the support and advancement of our existing institutions. Coming from this source, they will exclude from market the slaves of Maryland and Virginia—they will render it incumbent upon masters there to find permanent employment for their own slaves, and defeating them of the ability to pass through profit in the domestic slave trade, to a profit in philanthropy, will fix those States in permanent support of Southern institutions.

Nor, in fact, if there be greater inhumanity in the foreign than in the domestic slave trade, do we, upon present modes of reasoning, incur a share of it by opening our ports to foreign slaves. We feel relieved from any odium attached to the domestic slave trade, because we do not engage in it ourselves. We only buy the slaves from the trader, as we would buy him from a neighbour, and are not to know the means through which he comes; and, for the very same reason, we may be equally unconcerned about the horrors of the slave trade. We have only to open our ports to foreign slaves, and the merchants of England and the North will readily incur the odium of bringing them to us. If the trade can be legitimated in the tribunals of international law, they will bring them with every consideration for their health and comfort, dictated by an enlightened perception of their interests; but if not legitimated, they will run the gauntlet of every squadron of observation that can be put upon the coast of Africa. They will bring them to us, right or wrong, as fast as we will be ready to receive them. And the capital and enterprise of England and the North, finding profitable employment in this business, it is not improbable that both people will come to look upon it with indulgence, and, ceasing to war against the trade, may cease to war against the institution. *So long, therefore, as slavery is right, and it is right to buy and sell slaves, there is no wrong in the foreign slave trade, and every consideration of policy is in favour of it;* but if it be wrong—if it have no validity and no inheritance, but is to be tolerated only until it can be laid aside—*then every act of sale or purchase is a wrong.* It may be difficult to see how even the introduction of a slave can give us the right to hold him, if he be the member of a race which has a native right to freedom; but admitting this, it can confer no right to sell him, much less can the inheritance of a slave by one person confer the right upon another to buy and hold him. At last we have to meet the question face to face. We must determine that, in the nature of things, there may be unequal races; that, in the nature of things, such unequal races may coëxist; that it is right to promote as well as perpetuate such coexistence; and so determining, *we must be as ready to take slaves from Africa as from any other section of our own country, and be influenced in our choice by a simple consideration of its policy.*

THE PROPOSITION AN OUTRAGE TO PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

In proposing to reopen the slave trade, we are met by the objection that we outrage public sentiment, and that if we have the abstract right, it is not policy to press the adoption of such a measure, but that it is better to creep with feathery foot through danger than to brave it. We do not think so. We will not stand upon this ground of slavery, unless we have the right to stand there, we would stand openly and squarely upon it with the world in arms against us, sooner than we would creep to a corner and hold it upon condition of not rendering our position visible. Nor will we longer take the line of palliative argument. *The slave may be well treated, and yet slavery may be wrong; it may be our inheritance, and yet it may be wrong; it may be inexcusable, and yet an evil;* our position may be impregnable, yet still it may be the fastness of the outlaw; our stronghold is still within the jurisdiction of another social power; it is lawful for them to strike us, but not for us to strike back again: they may starve or they may corrupt us, but we must make no foray to ward off the danger. *Such position we will hold no longer.* It may be agreeable to them to hedge us, but we will not submit to it; it may be pleasant to despise us, but we will not indulge them. We would raise our own standard; we would level all defences; we would march to the open plain; we would state a question in which there is no palliation and no compromise; and, to the most perfect vindication of slavery, we would strike down the barriers to the slave trade.

It is said that we are not ready for it. But we are ready for it. *We want slaves as the very first condition of reaction. They are necessary to equality in the Union, to prosperity and advancement out of it, and to the very integrity and order of our own society.* It is said the public mind is not prepared for it; but for that single reason there is a necessity that the measure should be agitated. In ignorance of the nature and wants of our institutions, we have wandered vaguely to innumerable errors. We permitted the slave trade to be abolished, and threw the political and commercial power of the country to the North. In the effort to recover our position, we have ruptured the frame-work of our system; in order to keep pace in extent of Territory we have left poverty to older States; to give cultivation to the older States, we would call in pauper labour, and still further try the integrity of the institution, and finding inferiority in material advancement still the fortune of the South, we have been weak enough to suppose it a necessary condition of our system, and to charge the evil to our institution. It is for the very reason that the public mind is not instructed upon this grave subject that we would press to judgment the question of the slave trade.

It is said that we are not in a condition to act upon it; that it never can be adopted in the Union, and that the South is not ready to go out of the Union for such an object. But we are not prepared to say what will not be the result of an intelligent perception of our interests in the question. When we shall speak to the Government as a people whose minds are made up, and who will have the slave trade or independence, we are not prepared to say what may be the answer. There are border States that have interest in dominion so long as the South may submit to it; but they have been too much dependent on the South to be estranged from us; and when the point is made, it is far from certain they will not go with us; but, should this not be so, yet, if the South should come to a perception of her interest in the measure, it will be but little impediment in the way of its adoption, that it cannot be done through the forms of the present Union.

It is said the proposition intensifies the feeling of the world against us; but if it does so, we will not shrink from it. We cannot hold our rights upon the condition of perpetually propitiating the feelings of the world. If the world gets mad, perhaps it will find it convenient to get pleased again, and, perhaps, as readily if we exhibit no concern about the matter. But we do not believe that it will have any such effect. None are so thoroughly condemned as those who plead guilty, while it is singular what a respect we have for the men or the community who assert a right and exhibit the ability to maintain it. Liberty in this country was treason until it became established, and Washington was a rebel until the English people found in his success the reason for kneeling in almost Eastern idolatry at the shrine of his transcendent greatness, and so it will be with us. *If we permit slavery to be extinguished, it will be execrated to distant ages.* Men will point to it as the black spot on the page of history, and will thank Heaven that among all the other ills of life, it was not their lot to have participated in such enormity. But let it be triumphant, as it will be triumphant, unless we let it fall under the legislation of a foreign sentiment, and it will be cherished, loved and eulogised. *The men who helped it in the crisis of its ruin will be placed upon the lists of patriots and sages. Other societies will form upon the model, and it will become treason to question an institution which now it is piety and virtue to condemn.*

Already, in fact, we think we see the indications of a better state of things. Since a stand has been taken upon the right of slavery, *there has been an immense change in public feeling at the South.* They regard the institution with greater favour; they look to its fortunes with confidence and hope; and they are daily becoming more ready to defend it, and to stake their fortunes on it. Nor is the change less perceptible at the North. They have been thrown out of their old lines. When we admitted that slavery was wrong, they came around us like treacherous counselors; their argument was conclusive, that if wrong it ought to be put under restrictions, and we were side by side with them on the main question, and only differed as to the measure of restriction and discouragement that was proper. But when we flung them off—when we told them that the relation against which they sought to prejudice was a right relation—when we rather espoused slavery than kept it as a prostitute, our attitudes were changed. If they condemned us, we were in a condition to condemn them. If they should strike at us, we could strike them back again, and though alarmed at this unexpected movement, they have made a rush at the helm of Government, and it is still undetermined whether they will not secure the political authority to declare it still a prostitution. Still they have been checked by men at home who start up to meet them. We have furnished in our attitude and arguments to our friends at the North the motive and the issue upon which to help us. Upon that issue which we tender they are not ready to permit a despotism. The steps to reaction here have caused reaction even there, and we have now the reason to believe that if the agrarian tendencies of that region ever can be arrested within this Union, it will be by the more athletic and controlling energies of the pro-slavery sentiment. We are not prepared to assent to the proposition, therefore, that in urging one of the simplest measures in support of our institution, we exacerbate the feeling of the world against us. On the contrary, we believe we inspire a feeling of respect—that men will regard us the more as they believe we are in earnest, and that it is by such a measure, which has no shape of compromise, that we can the best advance to the perfect indication and establishment of our institution.

THE CONCLUSION.

We come, at length, to the conclusion of our views upon the slave trade. We have shown, or we have sought to show, that *equality of States is necessary to equality of power in the Senate of the Union; that equality of population is necessary to equality of power in the House of Representatives; that we cannot expand our labour into Territories without decreasing it in the States; and what is gained upon the frontier is lost at the centres of the institution; that pauper white labour will not come to competition with our slaves, and if it did, that it would not increase the integrity and strength of slavery, and that, therefore, to the equality of influence in the Federal Legislature, there is the necessity for the slave trade.*

We have sought to show, further, that without equality of power in the Federal Government, there is no hope of an equality of rights; that there is no natural antagonism between Abolitionists and capital, and no necessary check the one upon the other, that both grasp at Government; the one to control slavery, the other to control the South; that they only differ in the fact that, while one would go ahead at once, the other would graduate advancement; that while one would *force*, the other would *toil* us to subjection; that our only salvation is in our own capabilities of resistance; and that at last if we would survive and perpetuate our form of society, we must be equal to the North, or we must be independent, and are driven, therefore, to the alternatives of dissolution or the slave trade.

It will be seen that we have been little influenced by preconception upon this subject. We have not confined ourselves to the traditions of our contest with the North; we have thought it necessary to look at the South from the centre of slavery, and we have done so; we have not admitted that slavery is a wrong because it has been so considered; we have not taken refuge behind the argument of its necessity; we have not admitted that its suppression was humane and wise; we have not contended that territory is of service without the ability to cover it with slaves; we have not assumed that slavery can be strengthened by an increase in a white pauper population, or in any other way than by an increase in its own peculiar form of labour; we have not consented that what the South contends for has been always right, or what the North proposes has been always wrong; but, resolutely standing at the centre of this institution, we have felt it necessary to take new lines of observation, and, if necessary, a new departure, and we have done so, and these we have endeavoured to give with perfect fairness to our readers and the South.

It may be noticed also that we have not spoken to the North; we thought there was little use in doing so. This great question of the course of slavery must be decided by ourselves. They cannot conceive of its nature or its wants, and would not promote it if they could. Their assent to any measure vital to the cause of slavery would not occasion its adoption without we ourselves were ready for it; *their opposition could not defeat it, if we were prepared for its enforcement;* it is among ourselves that the measures are to be discussed and settled, and we alone, to whom the trusts of slavery are committed, must see to their execution; charged with a form of society which we believe contains the word of promise to the age, it is no excuse for failure that we shall have been defeated by the North. The trust is the command to break from the North, or override the North, and trample down every other impediment in the track of our commission. While we have not addressed them, however, from their insignificance upon this great question, we have not been at the trouble to heap epithets upon them; what they do is natural, and perhaps necessary. They would not help it if they could, and could not if they would. Like every other virtue projected into vice, it is the nature of philanthropy to exhaust itself upon distant objects; it is the nature of Northern sentiment, as of popular sentiment the world over, to expand into legislation. It is as necessary, perhaps, as that sparks shall fly upwards, and it is for us rather to apply the proper impediments than to exhaust ourselves in useless controversy. If not prepared for this, we are not fit for the trusts of a great destiny, and it were right, perhaps, that we should be swept away from it.

This subject, with the little light we have been able to throw upon it, we commend to our brother journalists at the South. We are conscious of moving within a contracted sphere, and, having done our office there, and taken a fair proportion of the odium of such a proposition, we must commit the work to other hands for further movement. We have no unity at the South—no centres of opinion—no Congress—no councils—no organs to transcend the lines of States and Districts, and there is no direct way in which, upon a Southern subject, we can address the Southern public. Sunk to the condition of a province by the inequality which we have permitted to occur, it is one of the worst evils of our condition that our journals are but the orbs upon a dark frontier. To illuminate at all, we must reflect the light which comes to us from the great centres of society to which we acknowledge an allegiance. Sentiment is uncurrent, unless stamped by England or the North; and incidents, calamity and crime are scarcely interesting, unless they happen near the centres of the greater system. Under such circumstances, we all move within restricted orbits. Each journal has but the readers of his State or district, and truth, therefore, must work its way laboriously. *To reach the South by natural channels, it must be poured into the streams of information from the North or Europe;* and if uncurrent there, we have no alternative but to conspire among ourselves, and to help it on by voluntary effort. We think it possible that the South may require the use of ideas which cannot be originated at the North or in Europe; we think that this is one of them, and with earnest solicitude we would commend it to the aids and offices of Southern friends. Let it but come to the judgment of Southern intelligence upon Southern principles of social morals and philanthropy, and we will have little concern as to the result.

THE EXTENSION OF SLAVERY.

GRAND PROGRAMME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS — SLAVERY EXTENSION TO BE THE UNION-PRESERVING PLANK IN THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

From The New Orleans Delta.

Mr. Buchanan, if elected, will owe his success entirely to the reaction in the Northern mind, caused by the determined attitude of the Southern party. We may be called extremists, or fire-eaters, or what not—it does not matter. While we cannot be driven into the abandonment of principle to serve party success, we are ready to maintain the rights and institutions of the South, even to disunion. This conviction we have fostered in the Southern mind. It is a pity it was not fostered there twenty years since. It would have saved to the parties a deal of trouble. But the Southern party has something else to do now. Having checked for a time the Black Republican crusade, we must push forward those reforms at home which are necessary for the assertion and maintenance of our equality in the Union, or of our nationality and independence out of it.

Remember that Nicaragua and Cuba are vastly more important to us than Kansas Territory, though we should not renounce the latter. Mexico is not far off. The genius of commercial empire beckons to us from Tehuantepec. But Nicaragua is the great political nucleus, and, while the "national" men of the South are busy over the spoils of the victory won through the courage and boldness of the Southern party, let us put forth all our strength in Nicaragua.

We have only four years to prepare for the great contest of 1860. Give Walker the power, and he will solve not only the Central American question, but with it that of Cuba. Once firmly established in Nicaragua, he will restore the West Indies to their original condition, as slave Colonies. It can be demonstrated that the comparative decline of New Orleans commenced with the abolition policy of England in the American tropics. It only requires the defeat of Walker in Nicaragua and the Africanization of Cuba to make the decline more than comparative, perhaps irretrievable. It only requires, on the other hand, the reorganization of Central America, as a slave-producing country, with the redemption of the West Indies from negro barbarism, to make New Orleans the centre of a vast tropical empire, and to realize, in connection with the Pacific trade, the advantages to which she is geographically entitled. This is a work for the Southern party. We have shown our power in national politics; let us give it practical direction at home.

In the foregoing we have briefly reviewed the causes which led to the reaction in the North, and sketched the assumption that Buchanan's election was a certainty. But what will be the signification of his election, with regard to all the important questions of the day, we shall be compelled to leave to the solution of time. So far as it may convey a rebuke to the fanatical spirit of the North; so far as it may be an effectual protest against the open attempt of one section to subject another to the tyranny of a hostile majority; so far as it may show that the resistance policy on the part of the South is really the only policy that can save the Union and our rights and our honour at the same time, thus far, at least, it will be a triumph for the South and a valuable lesson to politicians of both sections. It will prove that Northern interest is superior to Southern fanaticism, and that slavery, though the subject of sectional agitation, is really the strongest conservative and national element in the Union.

What the Northern wing of the Democratic Congress may do with the slavery question we shall have to leave to future developements. We fear, however, it is deeply imbued with the non-extension theory, to which so many Democratic leaders, North and South, have given their sanction. It was no good omen to see the younger Van Buren and John C. Breckinridge making speeches from the same platform and in the same cause, and the elder Van Buren and Mr. Buchanan embracing upon the same construction of the Nebraska bill.

These omens have not been improved by the profuse declarations made by Democratic speakers and journals of the North, that the Black Republicans uttered "infamous lies" in charging Mr. Buchanan with being in favour of slavery extension. Why so earnest in this denial if the Northern Democracy desires to preserve the political equality of the South, to which the extension of slavery is essential. But, after all, we have the Ostend manifesto, to which Mr. Buchanan is pledged. There is sound enough Southern doctrine in that; and if Mr. Buchanan shall live up to it, well and good; we will be the first to throw the mantle of forgiveness over all his past political sins of omission or commission. Meantime, as we have often said before, though not unexceptionable, he is our choice for President; and in supporting him we have chosen to do so with our eyes open, and have desired that the Southern people should have their eyes open also. If they vote with them shut, it will be no fault of ours; if deceived in any particular, they cannot shake their heads and say we did it.

The future is yet a problem. Assuming Mr. Buchanan's election to be a certainty, the horizon is still misty. But of this we feel sure: the Northern reaction against Fremont is due to the resistance policy; and the *Delta* and other so-called extremists and disunionists of the South have been the true Union-savers.

"A distinguished Louisianian," writing to the *Delta* from Washington, finishes his letter as follows:

"But the time is now past to discuss this matter (disunion). A truce of four years to words; let us go into action—make our terms, based on the Constitution—and determine not to have peace till these conditions, just in the eyes of Heaven and man, are subscribed to by the whole country. The existence of the Union depends upon it. I say, for one, and 'I say it boldly,' upon the extension of slavery hangs the equality and very existence of the South.' The extension of slavery is the most effective Union-preserving plank that can be dovetailed into the Democratic platform. Let us have it in by 1860."

THE REOPENING OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

From The Carolina Times, Oct. 27.

The décree which has recently been issued by Gen. Walker, President of the Republic of Nicaragua, reëstablishing the institution of slavery, and inviting the importation of negroes, is now attracting much attention.

For our own part we were highly pleased with the decree, for we are decidedly in favour of reopening the slave trade, in order that the price of negroes may be reduced to such figures that every industrious poor man may purchase and become a slaveholder.

We regard the course pursued by Gen. Walker as not only correct, but challenges the approval of the entire mass of people inhabiting the Southern States, and we believe that they will sustain him in the position he assumed.

Hoping and believing that the Confederacy now known as the United States of North America will soon be dissolved, we look upon this movement of Gen. Walker as that of a statesman, and we hope the day is not far distant when Central America, embracing the Island of Cuba, will form part of the Southern Confederacy.

Selections.

TWO OLD POLITICIANS ON THE SHELF.

JUDGE McLEAN.

From The Cincinnati Commercial.

The editor of the *Enquirer*, in his yesterday's issue, took occasion to celebrate the fact that John McLean, of this city, has declared himself in favour of the election of Buchanan to the Presidency. That Judge McLean would fail to give his countenance to the candidate of the Republican party in case the nomination should chance to fall upon another than himself, no one acquainted with his political proclivities could have doubted; and therefore it was that without any emotion of surprise we received the information that he had gone to the place appointed. As the editor of the *Enquirer*, doubtless with the consent of Judge McLean, has made the fact of his adherence to the party of Mr. Buchanan public property, we shall feel no delicacy in according to that gentleman such a movement as would be due to other politicians under similar circumstances. Guided by an unerring instinct, he sought and found his political level. He has given the country to understand where he is situated. Use is made of his position to influence the conduct of others, and, under party instrumentalities, he is a fair subject for criticism.

The Hon. John McLean has been, for more years that we can remember, a floating candidate for the Presidency. Eminently respectable as a man, and totally characterless as a politician, he has stood for nearly a generation like an ample sheet of government stationary, prepared to receive any inscription, and be transferred to any party that would affix to him the seal of executive dignity. He wants to be President, and no man has taken more exemplary heed to save himself from the weight of any principles that could, in the slightest manner, interfere with the accomplishment of his purposes. He was the standing compromise candidate of a little knot of non-committal politicians, ready to be thrust in as a harmonizer between conflicting factions and aspirants—having no strength of his own, and owing all his show of influence to those who relied upon their adroitness to create a schism that he might be inserted as a healing medium.

Nothing was better understood, by many, than that the adhesion of Judge McLean to the Republican party would be contingent upon his nomination. This of itself would have supplied a most conclusive reason why he should not have been nominated. If there are any who still regret that he was not chosen, let us point as demonstrative evidence of his total unfitness to the fact that, by the showing of the organ of his present party, chagrin at his failure to be made the leader drove him to desert the cause—sent him over to the enemy. A gentleman whose name is preserved in our revolutionary annals did the same, and for a similar reason; and yet, even with the force of his example, the practice has not hitherto, among honourable men, been deemed consistent with strict propriety.

The story of the *Enquirer*, that Judge McLean was deprived of the nomination at Philadelphia by a trick, is totally destitute of foundation. His chance at Philadelphia was nothing. Republicans did not look upon him as identified with the Republican movement. They perfectly understood the design of the little brood of Free Soil letters that he was putting in circulation; and while they saw the bid for the Presidency, saw with it the moral cowardice of him, who wanted to secure a dividend before committing himself as a stockholder. There were a few honest men, with the organ of reverence largely developed, who were in favour of his nomination, and there were some who were not so honest, but in all they were in the minority, and better counsels were permitted to prevail. "A young engineer, who had discovered a new pathway across the Rocky Mountains," was preferred to a trimmer in the decline of life, who could never, even in his best days, see his way clear in any direction, and whose political eyesight has not been improved by the lapse of three-quarters of a century.

Of the present party position of Judge McLean we have no complaints to make. For him it is natural, if not proper. He is among those who will appreciate his society, and find in his state an excuse for their own. For that mysterious affinity by which, without concert, kindred spirits are drawn together, we have a feeling of respect too high to permit us to quarrel with any of its manifestations; and it is even with heartfelt awe that we witness the solemn marriage of "earth to earth, and dust to dust."

From The Free Presbyterian.

This judicial Theban has at last gone to "his own place" in the ranks of the Buchaneer, Border Ruffian Democracy. We are gratified, but not surprised, at this—gratified because Judge McLean has, by this act, thrown off the mask of affected love of liberty, which he has worn for years, only that he might smite her under the fifth rib more securely and fatally. He has now lost his power to wound the fair form of Liberty again in the house of her professed friends. By one of those strange freaks in the world of opinion, which are only paralleled by the birth of two-headed calves and four-footed geese in the natural world, Judge McLean has enjoyed quite an anti-slavery reputation. How this came to pass, no one could tell, any more than they could explain the *lusus naturæ* alluded to above. This anti-slavery reputation, added to a respectable private character, high judicial position, and (if we mistake not) a religious profession, gave Judge McLean rare opportunities of doing immense good or incalculable evil in the decision of the vital questions affecting human liberty, which from time to time have come before him. These opportunities, so far as we know, have been prostituted by him to crush down freedom and the rights of the States under the iron heel of Federal usurpation. His decisions have shown a uniform devotion of the strongest character to the interests of the Slave Power. In the McQuerry case, he stooped to the infamy of justifying that meanest of all the clauses of the villanous Fugitive Slave Act, which gives the commissioner a bribe of $5 for deciding against the liberty of the fugitive. Judge McLean is the only Federal officer in the nation, we believe, who has ever ventured an apology for that base provision. No ten-dollar commissioner has ever got quite low enough for that.

The decision of the Hon. Judge in the Rosetta case was a compound of weakness, arrogance, servility, and cold-heartedness, which would have blasted the reputation of a Mansfield or a Blackstone, had either of those learned judges been capable of pronouncing it. Yet, after these heinous sins against justice and freedom, a knot of political gentlemen in Ohio and Pennsylvania, who love dead Whiggery and dying Know-Nothingism, quite as ardently as they love living Republicanism, were extremely anxious to put Judge McLean forward as the standard-bearer of the hosts of liberty in this fearful crisis. Such a nomination, we felt at the time, would have been a surrender in advance to the enemy, and the present open defection of their chosen candidate shows the correctness of that conviction.

Judge McLean is now powerless for evil, and in this we rejoice. He shows the inherent littleness of his soul in permitting personal disappointment to drive him to desert glorious principles for which he had professed a lukewarm devotion. We know of nothing sadder in this world of sorry sights than the spectacle he now presents. Did faithfulness to the cause of truth permit, we would rather walk backward and throw the mantle over his shame. But there is a lesson of weightiest import in his life, and that of other public men of our nation, which ought, if possible, to be burned into the minds of the young. That lesson is, that he who sacrifices principle and right on the shrine of his personal ambition is on the high road to disgrace and infamy. Had Judge McLean, or any prominent man of the North, thrown himself with his whole heart into this great movement, he would have been borne triumphantly into that Presidential chair which now, after half a century of intensest watching, he sees about to fade forever from his despairing sight. The path of duty is the path to success even in this world. The names of Webster, Clay, Cass, Douglass, Buchanan, and now of Judge McLean, stand as mournful beacons to warn the young of the danger of giving up principle to ambition. May the lesson be earnestly pondered.

LEWIS CASS.

From The New York Tribune.

Next to the brand affixed to Erastus Brooks for the brutal personalities and scurrilities with which he envenomed the late canvass, we regard the demolition of Gen. Cass as among the most gratifying of the minor incidents of the result. Gen. Cass was, up to Monday last, the oldest, supplest, most inveterate office-seeker in the world. Commencing responsible life in '98–9 by mounting the Black Cockade, then the distinctive badge of John Adams Federalism, young Cass quickly threw it away when he found it a bar to preferment, and ratted to the newly ascendant party of Jefferson, obtaining office as a reward of his transformation. When J. Q. Adams was chosen President by the aid of Henry Clay, he wrote Mr. Clay a letter hot with indignation at the "Bargain" slander—and kept his office. When it became evident that Adams and Clay were to be beaten by that very "Bargain" calumny, Gen. Cass prudently kept silence with regard to it and secretly went over to Jackson, whereby he obtained in due time a still better office. Being Embassador to France in 1840, he kept silent till the result was manifest, when he came out with a letter in praise of the military character and services of Gen. Harrison. He held on to this Mission till he saw fit to come home, and set up as a candidate for President, taking the office of Senator from Michigan as a resting-place. He had hitherto played the part of a moderate in politics; henceforth it was his cue to ride the wildest waves of faction, and stigmatize those from whom it was his interest to differ, not as mistaken in their views, but as inveterately hostile to republican institutions and secretly or openly plotting their overthrow. And this libelous calumny he had the indecency to utter while a candidate for President of the United States.

Gen. Cass has stood four times on the door-step of a National Convention of his party as a suitor for its Presidential nomination, and once was enabled to pass that point, but the people stopped him this side of the White House. It is now certain that he can never hang up his hat in that coveted abode.

No other man has done so much to debauch and mislead the Northern mind with regard to Slavery Extension as Lewis Cass. When the Wilmot Proviso was first proposed, and seemed certain to prevail, he professed to approve and support it. He publicly regretted that he had been deprived, by John Davis's unseasonable talking, of an opportunity to record his vote in its favour. But when it became evident, not long after, that the leading politicians of the South were sternly opposed to the measure, and would not hold fellowship with its supporters, Gen. Cass took the back track, and—being a candidate for President and the delegates to the Nominating Convention about to be chosen—announced that "a great change has been going on in the public mind upon this subject, in my own as well as others" (the grammar is the General's, not ours), and proceeded to pettifog the case adversely to Slavery Restriction. His general ground was that Congress had no power to enact such Restriction (though that power had been asserted and exercised without dispute since the very origin of our Federal Government).

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We might trace him further, and show this apostle of the right of the People of the Territories to govern themselves, voting to uphold the authority and enforce the acts of the Border Ruffian conventicle at Shawnee Mission claiming to be a Territorial Legislature of Kansas, when all men do know that it was elected by Missouri conspirators and invaders for the express purpose of stifling the voice of Kansas and imposing slavery upon her against her will. And, though Gen. Cass admitted and proclaimed the atrocity of some of its enactments, he yet voted to sustain the authority of the usurpers who passed them, thus perpetuating the usurpation and oppression by the power of Federal *posses* and regiments of dragoons.

It were superfluous to trace the close of this career of apostacy and debasement. Throughout the late canvass, Gen. Cass, though seventy-four years old, has stumped Michigan from village to village, doing his utmost to confuse and pervert the understandings of the People, and make them believe that upholding the long series of tragic villanies by which slavery has been forced upon subjugated Kansas was supporting Popular Sovereignty! But his fellow-citizens were educated in Common Schools and are habitual readers of newspapers, and the fraud was transparent. They have rebuked the aged sophist by an overwhelming majority, and his place will be filled by a true-hearted Republican after the 4th of March next. He is worse beaten at home than Toucey, or Pierce, or any of his confederates in the perpetration of the Nebraska Iniquity, and we trust he will live long enough to ponder in retirement the gigantic wrong which an unquenchable thirst for office has impelled him to promote and the just though inadequate punishment which a betrayed people have inflicted upon him.

AMERICAN SLAVERY AND ITS CHAMPIONS.

From The Belfast (Ireland) News-Letter.

Nothing of ancient or mediæval cruelty on a national scale, save what the Munchausen traveller records of savage tribes, is on record, in the least degree approaching in horror the bloody tragedy of Kansas, and the ferocious conduct of the demoniac actors, the slavedrivers of Missouri. Talk of the torture of Neapolitan patriots in the dungeon, at the door of which, like Gog and Magog, stands Bomba on the one hand, and that living libel on a holy name, Pio Nono, on the other. Talk of the plague-smitten convicts and fettered victims of French Guiana, whose story is a romance of history more frightful than the tapestried agonies of the Gobelin arras. Talk of the caverned and almost fossilized prisoners of the contemptible petty potentates of Italy—examine the whole records of public European, Asiatic, and African enormity; and we shall not err in saying that the internecine carnage of Kansas out-Herods them all.

An attempt has been made to unveil the sanguinary stage of Kansas, and exhibit a drama in which the action is indiscriminate, unceasing and *real* murder; and in which the sufferers are the true friends of Christian liberty, with their wives and daughters, their brothers and their sons. The narrative is a personal one of what the writer (Mr. Thomas H. Gladstone, an English gentleman) actually saw and heard, during a tour in the last Summer. The period of his visit to Kansas was that of the revolutionary assault, and merciless sacking, of the town of Lawrence, and the illegal arrest of Governor Robinson, after the firing of his house. The lawless mob, by whom that outrage was perpetrated, were blazing with alcohol, "glutted with the indulgence of the vilest passions," and they actually had assumed the theatrical costume of devils—red tunics, huge leggings, blood-clotted beards—and their voices were those of devils also, "giving utterances to the most horrible imprecations and blasphemies"—and their weapons were those of the assassin, revolvers, cutlasses and bowie-knives. If it were not that these ruffians, in great masses, did really roam over the Kansas Territory, and rush through its defenceless towns, ankle deep in the blood of men whose only offence was that they protested against the system of slave labour—if it were not that they careered among women and children like so many panthers, wolves, leopards and tigers in a wild rush of savage appetite for vengeance upon the male relatives, mingled with the ravenous thirst with which a licentious fever impelled them to dishonour, while they butchered the victims of their fury—we say, if this were not really the truth, we should presume that some scandalous impostor, like those who have lately made many families miserable for the sake of hoaxing the *Times* or the *Sun* with a wicked lie, had for a "consideration" astounded civilization with a bug-bear of contemporaneous barbarity plucked from the populous catacombs of the past.

Mr. Gladstone does not content himself with a mere narrative of the facts; he varies his relation with portraits of the savage Southerners who swear that no man who talks about "Northerners" or "Abolitionists" shall face them and live. Mr. Gladstone, on the night following the sack of Lawrence, met a monster Missourian of this species in a Kansas hotel, one of the ruffian crew who had planned the attack upon that city, for having harboured "those rascally Abolitionists." Here is a specimen of the bravo, as dabbled with blood and mud, with a revolver in his hand, the Southerner displayed the politeness of an Anglo-Saxon kidnapper:

"'I should like to see the first one that opens his mouth. I reckon he'd have to take the change mighty smart. Lead's the best argument for those infernal white-livered Yankees. Let me alone for tamin' them down; let me alone for that, I say. I reckon they won't be a-tryin' on this game again a little whiles. That's just about what *I* think.'"

Mr. Gladstone was not in safe hands in such company, and he received unexpected advice, for which we think he had reason to be grateful, from a young person who pitied his ignorance. We quote the episode:

"As we should soon have to part, he inquired of me from what part of the Union I came. I replied, in a tone which I hoped would not catch the ears of the noisy patriot in arms, that he had mistaken me as a native of the Union, and that I belonged to the old country, my home being London. 'Indeed,' said my friend the Indian trader. 'I had guessed you were a Northern man. Your dress and looks aren't like our people out West.' 'That is probable,' I replied. 'Yes, that's so,' he proceeded, 'and there's several abroad who've been talking about you, and they've all set you down for a Northerner.' I hinted, in reply, that I had no desire to excite remark on board, and glanced suggestively at our neighbour who was threatening to blow the brains out of the first Northern man who should open his mouth. My friend saw my meaning immediately, and dropping his voice to a whisper, said:

"'Let me, as one that knows the ways of the people here, give you a word of caution, which you may find useful, now that you're setting foot in these parts. Don't let a soul of them know that you're an Englishman. Should it get out, it's just as much as your life is worth, mind that. That's the state we're in just now, all alongside of that cursed slavery question. If you say you're an Englishman it's all the same as being a Yankee; not a bit better. And, you know the law there—a Yankee is a nuisance, and nuisances must be abolished. That's what they all say there. So you mind, and don't forget what I say.'

"'I thanked him for the advice, and told him I had already determined to follow his counsel.'"

Take another sample of South-State slavery ruffianism—not to be surpassed by the most disgusting mixture of atrocity and infamous fun with which the fertile pen of Paul de Kock could decorate a scene from the first of the French Revolutions:

"'I perceived that an older gentleman whom I had seen on the hurricane-deck was a prisoner. Surrounded by a number of persons, including the United States officers, he was led off towards McCarthy's hotel, my purposed place of stay. 'Who's that they've got there?' 'Who's that's been caught, eh?' were the eager questions put on many sides. 'It's Governor Robinson, been brought round from Lawrence by way of Kansas City,' was the reply of one in the crowd. '*Governor* Robinson! *Governor* Robinson? Who taught you to call that infernal nigger-stealer, Governor, I should like to know?' was the instantaneous rejoinder. 'Say the word again, and I will blow your brains out for an abolition traitor; he is *Doctor* Robinson, and nothing else, that's what he is, and he shan't be that long. It's time we'd get rid of these dog-gauned Abolitionists.' Thus surrounded by the menaces and imprecations of a savage mob, the ex-Governor was led up the steep road which conducted to the small wooden house known as McCarthy's hotel.

"'I followed, and I was informed I could get a meal. The ex-Governor Robinson I found in the front room of the house; he was standing up, and being put through a close examination by those in the room. A greater crowd collected outside the open windows and doors, and as I mixed among this crowd I heard the constantly repeated expressions. 'Let us get hold of him; d

men! curse the traitor! curse the petty tyrant! curse the betrayer of the North—the libeller of his kinsmen, the desolator of his home! May his dastard soul from henceforth never know repose! Sleeping or waking—standing, sitting, or in motion, may the ghosts of his murdered ones be forever his constant companions. The maniac in her widowhood cries to Heaven for vengeance. From the red earth to heaven in thousand-fold reverberations the martyr's blood cries unceasingly for vengeance! Let the traitor-tyrant be to all eternity accursed!

BROTHERS! in unison with your hearts my heart swells indignantly, or bleeds with pity. We will not desert our patriots; we will not forsake our kinsmen; we will not abandon our heroes. Their perils are our perils, their sufferings are our sufferings, their indignities are our shame, their wrongs are our revenges! Mark well the traitors, for Heaven's hour of retribution chases the sun upon the dial! God's pendulum still sways the eternities! The hour advances!

BROTHERS! as to the sufferings of Kansas I enter here into no details. You know them well. You know that at this moment brave men for loving liberty are immured within filthy prison walls—treated like dogs—half fed—half clothed—supplied with tainted food (and half supplied at that)—without blankets for the night—without beds—unwashed—unkempt—uncared for as to all things—diseased by privation, dying by neglect. And these men are guilty of no crime but that of loving Freedom and defending it! Just Heaven! in what country are we living? What age is this? Can this be *our* country? From what accursed prison do these shadows start upon us?

BROTHERS! this is the hour for action. Let us waste no time in idle moaning. While groaning, let us WORK! While weeping, let us by diligence convert the hours into double. They need it. They, the poor sufferers, need all and more than we can do. Hark! do you not already hear the Winter howling, and the keen blasts shrieking in the distance? Piercing winds soon will be sifting through prairie cabins, and half-clad women and helpless children, and brave men, too, shall suffer. They have already suffered for us too long. If the North will not sustain them, why should they stay and suffer? The fight is no more theirs than ours. Why should they fight for us? It is but little they ask—oh, brave—oh, magnanimous—oh, illustrious men! How little do they ask of us. They say, "Feed us and clothe us, and we will fight your battles. We will die for you if need be. We have already given up all. Our property is gone—our clothes are in tatters—our cabins burned down by ruffians, or but half-finished for want of means—in our barrels there is no longer any meal—Starvation stares us in the face!"

"FRIENDS! COUNTRYMEN! LOVERS!" Lovers of justice—lovers of mercy—lovers of humanity—where are ye all? Is there no blood left in the North? Up and be doing. God counsels you to work! Humanity cries to you for succour. The hours are precious.

Within the centre of this mighty metropolis—the metropolis of a mighty nation—a nation than which the sun finds no greater in his circuit—within this mighty mart of commerce—within this citadel of cotton—within this strong retrenchment of Mammon—by the space of forty days have I lifted up my voice and cried for the oppressed. And in this city of souls of half a million—in this city of landed property of five hundred and seventeen millions, what have been the responses?

The Recording Angel, with a blush upon his cheek, forgets to note them.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN! the "*peculiar institution*" has seized upon and centralized the powers of the Nation.

Justice dwells no longer at the Capitol—neither within the Senate Chamber nor within the folds of the Ermine hath she her abede. The conservative bulwarks of our fathers have become citadels of tyranny. In place of a Federal Executive we have a Sectional tyrant. Constitutional guaranties are no longer regarded. Compromises are sundered like flax burnt with the flame. The kingly oppressors of the past re-live in the Executive usurpers of the present. Are we to endure these things forever? When wrongs can be righted by law, oppressions are endurable. But when the laws themselves are disregarded by the rulers—when the Constitution of a people is trampled in the dust by tyrants—what remains for brave men to accomplish? When you have meditated on these things sufficiently, we shall have the answer. The axe and the block may again be needed for tyrants. Our days of peace are numbered! Let each man among us cultivate the sublime art of war! The prophet's ear even now catches the blast of the trumpet.

Friends of Kansas, finally, one word. The population of that afflicted land must this Winter abandon their homes, be fed by us, or starve. Which shall they do? The disposal of this case is wholly in our hands. I am satisfied there is wealth and heart enough at the North to do all that is needed. The people are waiting to know *how* to give. The community wait for "Organization."

Briefly, then, let me say: the Organization (as to its *head*) already exists *Limbs* are only needed to perfect it.

The National Kansas Committee, to be complete, needs State Auxiliaries. The duty of this work in our State devolves upon the undersigned as the State member of that Committee. I propose, friends, for your consideration, a system free from complication and embarrassment—a system which converts every Fremont Club in the State into a Kansas Relief Society, at the option of its members—a system by which independent clubs may at once spring into being. In short, I propose that we dispense with the ordinary forms of affiliated societies, and instead thereof that every town and village association be an independent body, free to manage its internal affairs after its own fashion, and connected through its Chairman with the National Committee, represented by its resident State member. Every ward of a city, like a town or village, may have its independent committee. It is expected that each committee will carefully district its own locality and appoint a collector in each, whose duty it shall be to solicit and collect both funds and clothing. The funds and clothing will be forwarded to the State member of the National Committee by the chairman of each committee or club, and vouchers for the same be returned. The books of the State member will be at all times open to the inspection of the clubs.

The plan here proposed is not meant to be arbitrary, but suggestive. The friends of the cause have full liberty to use their own discretion. Whatever plan may be adopted, permit me to caution you against a waste of time by idle debates on organization. The moments are too precious. *Relief is wanted* NOW!

To urge forward this important work, I have authorized Mr. H. D. Northrup to visit the Western Counties of the State. His efforts thus far have been crowned with signal success. To every friend of the cause I cheerfully commend him.

Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols, of Kansas, has also gone out on the same mission, fully accredited, empowered to both organize committees and to receive and forward contributions. When notified, will friends of the cause please make arrangements for her addresses? Below will be found her appeal in behalf of the Kansas sufferers.

The Rev. J. C. Warren will attend the city office, No. 120 West Broadway, from 4 to 6 p. m. daily.

In conclusion, we call earnestly on the clergy of the State to cooperate with us in this work of mercy. While the people of Kansas are prostrated by unjust and cruel laws, and made victims of a relentless and ferocious persecution, all the interests of religion, morality and education are languishing and dying. A celebrated preacher has said, "There is sometimes more gospel in a loaf of bread than in a sermon."

THADDEUS HYATT,
State Member of National Kansas Committee.

TO THE WOMEN OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

SISTERS: Your hearts have been stirred by the tales of Kansas outraged, wronged; the constitutional rights of her people struck down; "the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" made treasonable; and all the God-given means of subsistence and general prosperity perverted from the dwellers in that beautiful land by the iron heart and strong hand of *tyrant power!*

Government heeds not, hears not the cry of the afflicted. Good men *may* struggle in vain to rescue the victims by the speedy election of righteous rulers, and the wealth, locked in the treasuries of free States and rich men's coffers, may be too tardy or insufficient to save the suffering, starving inhabitants of Kansas from death upon her soil, or the necessity of returning to the free States to be fed. Supported they must be, either in Kansas or out of it; for they have expended, or been robbed of, their all in the struggle for free homes. The question, in a pecuniary point of view, then, is, *where* shall they be fed? Humanity, struggling for Freedom *to be* in the image of its Maker, cries, *in Kansas*, where to hold free homes is to insure the cause of freedom and stay the waves of oppression.

Are you mothers? Let me speak to you for the mothers of Kansas. *I* am one of them. My sons are among the sufferers and the defenders of that ill-fated Territory; their blood has baptised the soil which they yet live to weep over, to love and to defend. I ask of you, mothers of New York, but a tithe of the sacrifices and devotion of the mothers of Kansas. *Their* "jewels," more precious than silver, or gold, or houses and lands, are already laid a sacrifice upon the altar. Can *you* withhold from them the bread that shall win to you the blessing of those ready to perish?

Look upon your sons, secure in the support of all that is ennobling—look upon your fair daughters, safe from the outrages of a degraded and ruffian soldiery—look upon your infants, smiling in the sweet security and sunshine of homes running over with comfort and happiness and plenty, and from your stores give to those who have none of all these but the mother-love, which, in the absence of every means to succour and save, is crushing the over-taxed heart into the blackness of despair!

Are you wives? Brave, loving men have tracked the paths and prairies to bring bread, and never returned; have turned to the fields of their labour, and, with the last fond kiss yet warm upon their lips, been felled by the stealthy foe. Brave, loving men are now tracking the prairies with unshod feet and bleeding hearts. Brave, loving women weep and pray, and toil to wipe away their tears, and smile a welcome to the husbands that come sad and empty-handed back! Wives of New York, will you fill the empty hands and win the speechless gratitude of these suffering ones?

Are you sisters? Fond, noble brothers appeal to dear sisters in the East for help in their need. Your sympathy cannot comfort them, even, in their distress. The appeal of such a one lies before me now. "Nothing to eat; no money; nothing but '*sympathy!*' Oh, don't ever mention the word again, if you love me. Don't ever tell me again, 'Your Eastern friends sympathize with you in your noble struggle for liberty.' Such friends, if one were hanging to a rope for dear life, would look over from the ship's side and cry, 'My *sympathies* are with you—*hang on till you drown!*'" Sisters of New York, will you send out the life-boat to save these sinking, struggling victims of foul oppression?

Words are too poor to give expression to my deep sense of the peril, the suffering, the need, which is weighing upon the hearts and shutting out sunshine and health from the homes of the people of Kansas.

I leave my appeal with you, women of New York, confident in a generous response and an earnest cooperation.

To many of you I may speak as personal friends and former co-workers in the cause of humanity. I know your zeal. I know your labours. I count upon your utmost efforts in this the crisis hour of the accumulated oppressions of the past—in this, the gray dawning of a resurrection day for humanity, such as the world has never seen—which the past has promised without comprehending, and groped after without the strong faith that alone can win it.

C. I. H. NICHOLS.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF GEN. POMEROY.

From The Providence Journal, Nov. 4.

LAWRENCE, Kansas, Oct. 22, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR: The prairie fires have spread over our rich, rolling grass-fields, and a terrible fire of war and passion has burned up every green thing in society and in our comforts, and our prospects are dark and dreary. There are men, women and little children who are reaping a harvest of sorrow from seed sown by invaders from Missouri and the South.

I visited, the other day, a family of six little girls. Their mother left them sorrowfully last Spring, for "that undiscovered country." Their father, a noble man, is a prisoner at Lecompton; and for a month the oldest girl, of twelve years, had to support all the little ones by getting corn from the fields and grinding it upon a tin pan punched full of holes with a nail, then making a cake and baking it in the ashes. I am unused to weeping, but I wept like a child at such a scene. I could only supply them temporarily, and commend them to the Great Shepherd "who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb."

O, what a record of sorrow and crime stands charged to this Administration! There are scores of men, unknown to fame, but whose record is on high, who lie sleeping in their bloody shrouds, uncoffined, without a stone to mark the place of their resting. Day before yesterday we followed to the grave Mr. Bowles, who died a prisoner at Lecompton. He came here from a slave State to get away from slavery, and early identified himself with the bravest defenders of Freedom. His long marches, exposures and night watches, brought on a fever, and after 48 hours of suffering, unattended by physician or relative, death, the despairing prisoner's friend, came to his release.

There are over 100 of our young men now in prison, and some are sick—all confined for acts and efforts which an angel might envy. There are, I trust, other days dawning upon us. This has been a year of costly sowing: I hope we shall yet have a harvest time of peace and prosperity.

"Oppression shall not always reign;
There comes a brighter day,
When Freedom, Truth and Right
Shall have eternal sway."

Cordially and truly, S. C. POMEROY.

The Rev. S. Wolcott.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1856.

DONATIONS.

WE are obliged, about once in a year, to ask for aid to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and it usually happens at this season. We hope, therefore, that the friends of the Society are looking out for such an appeal, and will be ready, now that it comes, to respond to it heartily and promptly. The Anti-Slavery cause should surely find its supporters as earnest and zealous to contribute "material aid" for its advancement as politicians are for the success of their tickets. These are pouring out their money like water; in that respect, at least, we shall be glad to see the Abolitionists in unity with the Republicans, and even with the Buchaneers.

The Treasury is exhausted; there are pledges made to the Society six months ago still unpaid; donations are needed, and will be welcome, in large sums or in small; and we appeal to everybody for help.

Address FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston, or S. H. GAY, New York.

THE GENESIS OF THE REPUBLICANS.

"IT is a wise child that knows its own father," saith the proverb, and the Republican party have been of late vindicating the wisdom of the proverb, if not their own, by their ignorance of their own descent, or their unwillingness to acknowledge it. But this is a matter not of doubtful genealogies, but of historic fact, and does not depend upon the recollection or the opinion of any one. It is not uncommon that when an individual attains to a sudden prominence in the world which he had looked for, that he feels a little ashamed of his lowly origin, and tries to shroud it in doubt, if not to boast of some parentage to which he has no just claim. So it is sometimes with those political personalities called parties. When they have grown rich and strong, they are apt to forget the humility of their beginnings, and not unfrequently to deny their very father as well as their poor relations. But this is unwise as well as unfilial; for the more individuals or parties strive to hide their humble originals, the more their unfriends and the world in general are bent to find out and publish them. There is an element of justice that inveighs with the "natural malignity of human nature," and which is gratified by exposing false pretences and in showing people up for just what they are.

George Thompson said once, when last in this country, that a Free Soiler who denied that he owed anything to Garrison was like a man who should affirm that he never had a grandfather. And the Democrats and the Fillmoreites see as plainly as he from whom the Republicans have sprung. And so do the slaveholders. They make no difference between Abolitionism and Republicanism. With the quick instinct of tyranny, they feel that they are parts of one entity, and that whatever of vitality the members may have they derive from the ancestor without whom they would not have been at all, at least in their present form and degree of development. And what they say is true. Mr. Garrison has justly denied absolute identity with his political progeny and repudiated the responsibility for all their opinions and actions which the common enemies of both have sought to fasten upon him and them, for their own base purposes; but he cannot deny that he is responsible for the existence of this organization of Anti-slavery ideas, imperfect and inchoate as it may be, or that it has derived whatever of bone and sinew it may possess from the robust Abolition Movement of which he was the father and author. If any of the Republicans have shown any symptoms of spinal curvature, they did not inherit it from him their grandfather, nor yet from the Old Anti-Slavery Movement, which was their father. It must have come from the mother's side, from entangling alliances with the nations round about—with political parties and religious sects—and it is thus they must have received into their veins the taint of Compromise which is the Scrofula of the moral constitution.

Now this pedigree may be an humble one, as the world counts greatness, but it is a respectable and honest one, and one not to be ashamed of. Many of the great Revolutions in politics and in religion, most of them, indeed, can boast of nothing better. Revolutions do not begin with the rich and the powerful. They are well enough content with things as they are, and they dread change as another name for mischief. The eyes that have observed the great evils which afflict the world, and to which it has been also given to see how the world is to be rid of them, have been purged by poverty and hardship, and strengthened in the obscurity of an humble condition rather than dulled by the blaze of prosperity and the glitter of wealth. It was from obscure originals that all the great Reformations of the world have begun—begun, generally, long before they were grown large enough for the world to notice them. After being strengthened by a childhood of neglect and want, and when they have grown up in stature and in favour with God and man, and when it is plain that they are yet to reign and exercise dominion over the ideas and so over the destinies of mankind, then men of different natures from those that first followed after them espouse their side and help them onward towards the victory in the glories of which they wish to share. In this process, corruptions and backslidings and perversions are philosophically necessary. It must needs be that offences come. But the principle of truth must at last triumph over the parasitic evils which have fastened themselves around it and prevail, for it is mighty above all error. Though the Cross has been made the emblem of wars and fightings, and has been bathed in blood and dragged through the mire, and been made the occasion of tyranny and cruelty and slavery for successive centuries, what Christian doubts that it will at last beam over a redeemed and regenerated world?

And those who accepted the Anti-Slavery Idea, and devoted their lives to its service, proceeded from the beginning on the principle that Truth must prevail by her own might, and that any attempt to hasten her victories by alliances with Error would be futile and fatal. They took no counsel of flesh and blood, but preached the Anti-Slavery Gospel in all its keenness and in all its simplicity. They knew that the kingdom they had to conquer was within the heart of man; that it was ideas and passions with which they had to deal; and they addressed themselves to men's consciences and minds. It seemed a hopeless task. The world was lying in pro-slavery darkness. The old pre-Revolutionary hatred of Slavery had blazed out for the last time in 1820, and had gone out, as it seemed, forever. The old generation was sinking into age and passing away into the grave. The new was absorbed in buying and selling and getting gain, and the great growth of the nation in material prosperity seemed to dazzle and blind their eyes so that they were held from discerning the truth. They stopped their ears when the warning voice reached them, and rushed violently upon those that uttered it, that the hateful sound might be silenced forever. To one whose memory goes back to those dark days it sounds strangely to hear eloquent orators, mighty presses and multitudinous assemblies thundering forth or hailing with acclamations the Anti-Slavery truths for uttering which they themselves were mobbed from city to city, a short score of years ago. But their surprise is only that the change has taken place so soon. They always knew, as soon as the Cause had made progress enough to allow an observation to be taken and its bearings ascertained, that this must be its course as it went forward in its course.

Whoever has been familiar with the Anti-Slavery press and the Reports of Anti-Slavery Societies for the last quarter of a century must bear witness to the prophetic spirit of the Abolitionists. What has come to pass during the present year they foresaw and predicted years ago, when it seemed moonstruck madness to speak of a Northern Party. They knew that it must come. They knew, as none other did, how the spirit of the North had been stirred to its depths—how much wholesome agitation had passed over the face of those waters, and they knew that, by the mere operation of natural laws, a storm must at last be excited by the conflict of the hostile elements which contended for mastery over it. With the Freedom of the Press and of Speech which they had conquered for themselves—"a victory of endurance born"—in the Free States, they knew that the Anti-Slavery Idea must sooner or later enter into politics; and they knew, too, that as soon as it entered into politics in earnest, it must array the North against the South. A Northern party they saw was a moral and political necessity, and they hailed its advent as the fulfilment of their prophecy and the fruit of their labour. And being once gathered, we know that it can never be scattered. No Peace is now possible, except one that has the Abolition of Slavery as its condition. Politicians may strive to limit the sweep of the two-edged sword of Truth, and say that its edge shall be stayed at such or such a degree of latitude or longitude; but its sway is in hands that are stronger than they, and it will not cease nor abate until it shall have done its work of mercy. The present party of the North is but the nucleus, the kernel, of the one that is destined to grow around it. The ideas which have created it are too strong for the men who would bridle and direct them. The business of the Abolitionists is with the ideas and not with the machinery which those ideas have set in motion. Let them strengthen and sharpen the opinions and emotions of the people as to the horrors of Slavery and as to their own complicity with it, and the machinery will adapt itself with unerring certainty to the thoroughness of the ideas inspired. In due time the machine may take the shape in which their hands may wisely help in its political working. Indeed, that day must come. But it is not yet.

HON. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS ON THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The following excellent letter was read at the celebration of "the Rescue of Jerry" in Syracuse on the 1st of October. It will interest all your readers and encourage them in their anti-slavery labours.

QUINCY, September 24, 1856.

Messrs. John Thomas and others, Committee, Syracuse, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN: We stand so near to the events of our times that it is difficult to measure correctly either their absolute or their relative magnitude. The dweller under the shadow of lofty mountains understands less of their altitude than he who watches them from a distance of many miles. So myriads of reflecting men, who wonder that there ever could have been a doubt of the value of the grand movements of past times, who range themselves at once on the side of Christianity, of the reformation, of the English and American champions of civil liberty, find themselves puzzled when striving to analyze the principles which underlie the struggle immediately before their eyes.

By such persons the Fugitive Slave law of 1850 was considered simply as an expedient to put in force the provisions of an existing contract. Of its bearings as well upon what had gone before as upon what has followed after, they took no note. To them it looked like a mere measure of police regulation, unwelcome it may be, for its severity, and perhaps a little arbitrary in spirit, but yet necessary to the more perfect maintenance of the stability of the social system. Of the gigantic proportions of this monument of national dishonour they had no conception. Yet nothing is more certain than the fact that it is destined before long to stand out, like the pyramids in the Egyptian desert, to be gazed and wondered at by successive generations of mankind, so long as the world shall endure, as a memorial of the abuse of power over the energies of oppressed and misguided men.

The Fugitive Slave law was not contrived simply for the more certain recovery of escaping slaves. Its purpose was wider and deeper. It was to guage the depth to which the people of the United States would consent to pledge themselves to uphold a system of injustice which they abhorred. The act was in the nature of an appeal to their cupidity against their sense of duty, perhaps likewise to their affections in opposition to their principles. As such it succeeded for the time in overbearing all resistance. We who live in the vicinity of a noble city, famous for all manner of good works, had the most convincing proof of this in the array of respectable individuals who voluntarily humbled themselves to aid in the surrender of Sims, as well as in the spectacle of the serried ranks of citizen soldiery who defied the moral sentiment of an outraged community in order to effect the more certain enslavement of Anthony Burns. These things we have seen with our eyes. We have known how painfully the sacrifice was extorted, yet the fact is undeniable that it was made. It is now matter of history. No regrets or repentance can wash out the stains left by the commission of this iniquity. It must go down to posterity in the same class of events with the stoning of Stephen and the sawing asunder of other martyrs, and the burning of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, with the *dragonnades* of the tyrant Louis of France, and the massacre of those innocents

"in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks."

All such barbarities spring from one and the same source. The substitution of might for right has filled the world with more than half its woes.

Fortunate are you of the city of Syracuse, that you can look back to a trial of your fortitude like that which happened in the case of the man Jerry, without one of the painful reminiscences which cluster round the similar events in Boston. You saved him from the fate which awaited the other two men. You saved yourselves from all participation in the oppression exercised upon your innocent fellow-man. No mournful remembrance associates itself with your customary places of resort. No picture of chains around your Court House, no execution of the forms, void of all the vivifying essence, of law, no grave decrees of destruction to the helpless, remain to haunt your imaginations. You drew the true line of demarcation at which justice stops and wrong begins in the enactments of civil society. There may be those among us who will find fault with you for defying the ordinance of established authority commanding the perpetration of a wrong. For my own part I should as soon blame William Tell for directing his unerring shaft at the heart of Grisler, the tyrant of Switzerland.

The Fugitive Slave law of 1850 is now a dead letter in the United States. Only six years have passed, and yet the passions which were appealed to for the purpose of sanctifying that crime have already died away, never more to be revived. Whatever other ills may betide the country, emanating from the same source, this one has spent its strength. The seal is set upon the repetition of such barbarous legislation. Its enactors sowed the wind and they have reaped the whirlwind. They went out to shear humanity of its rights, and lo! they have come home shorn. Not one man who voted for that atrocious statute can hope to escape an immortality of dishonour. The President whose name is attached to the parchment will be remembered only by that infamous association. The fate of Erostratus will be his with only this difference, that Mr. Fillmore did not, like him, seek his notoriety, neither will any tribunals of America ever try, as those of Ephesus did, to prevent it by forbidding the pronunciation of the malefactor's name. And even if they should, the issue would prove the attempt as futile as was theirs. He who fires a mere edifice of brick or stone, be it ever so splendid, and consecrated to worship even of the most sacred nature, commits a venial offence in comparison with him who stains the walls of the temple of liberty, invested as it is with the most essential attributes of the only true God, with any of the tears or the blood of his innocent and honest fellow-beings.

It is well then to remember anniversaries such as you propose to celebrate at Syracuse on the 1st of October. Although the enactment which gave rise to it may be, no longer an object of alarm, the contest between the good and the bad principle in America of which it was the offspring is yet in full activity. The dictatorial temper which prompted its lines of blood is not repressed. Under the veil of law it has rioted over the plains of the lovely Territory of Kansas, sprinkling over them the bones of murdered freemen, and rending even that flimsy covering of legal form, it has stalked forth in its naked deformity, along the highways of the seat of government, and mounted up into its halls of legislation. There is now no alternative between a resolute maintenance of the liberties of the country and a submission to a domination in comparison with which the tyranny of George the Third and his evil counsellors was gentleness. There are men among us who obviously prefer the latter—such persons would find a congenial home in St. Petersburg or in Constantinople; but they are not to be listened to for a moment by the honest disciples of our revolutionary teachers, the manly heritors of the doctrines of Jefferson, and of Washington. Our salvation depends upon once more returning in good faith to the practice upon their patriotic precepts. Let it by all means be secured.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant, C. F. ADAMS.

HENRY GREW'S REPLY TO GERRIT SMITH.

ESTEEMED FRIEND: I regret that our long cherished friendship should now be marred, in the least degree, by the false suspicion of "intolerance and distrust," for false it is, as I will demonstrate.

You remark, "So you would not put me into political office, because you cannot trust me on the point of returning fugitive slaves." Now, dear sir, I ask, what is there in my "speech in the late meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society" which implies the remotest approximation to distrust? Why did you not quote the expression for my conviction, that I might hasten, if guilty, to crave your forgiving love for such a wrong? Speaking of the political platform of the Radical Abolitionists, I remarked, "By voting for their candidate, a man (did I say whom we "*distrust*"?) *we highly esteem*, to swear allegiance to the Constitution which demands the return of the panting fugitive to cruel and unrighteous oppression, we build up the very thing we profess to destroy." Your intelligent mind, on a critical review of these words, will, I trust, perceive that there is not in them the least foundation for your charge. "We build up the very thing we profess to destroy," by voting for *any* man to "swear allegiance to the Constitution which" we believe "demands the return of the fugitive slave," whether he ever actually returns him, or in any manner aids his return, or not. Swearing or affirming conformity to the document is *sanctioning its requisitions*. This on our part is an *immoral* act. If it is an immoral act for us to do it ourselves, it is an immoral act to vote or encourage another to do it. Even if we are wrong in our judgment respecting the pro-slavery character of the Constitution, it is an immoral act, for "*whatsoever is not of faith is sin.*" It evinces a willingness on our part to do evil. This you know is a wrong disposition of mind. Paul, who knew that an idol is nothing, could eat anything in the shambles, although it might have been offered to the idol. Yet he represents that the weak or erroneous brother who considered it unlawful to eat anything offered to an idol, would by eating so sin as to expose himself to perish. 1 Cor., 8: 10, 11. The act, abstractly considered, was not wrong, but a disposition to do what we believe to be wrong is sin.

I trust my dear friend now perceives that the question of our confidence or distrust in his political action has nothing to do with the case. The premises do not warrant the inference. I have told a number of persons that if I could vote for any one I would vote for you.

You moreover represent that my refusing to vote for you is not only "a flagrant sin against all sound logic," but that in doing this I "tyrannize over (your) conscience." I freely admit that "to insist that (you) shall read a certain paper as a certain other man does," would be doing this. I have not done this. Now, let us see, brother Smith, who it is that tyrannizes over conscience, and who it is that is "*intolerant.*"

All you claim respecting "honestly (seeing) no law for slavery either in or out of the Constitution," I cheerfully grant. For your "whole life" of practical anti-slavery, I have loved and esteemed you in no ordinary degree. Nor am I disposed at present to question the consistency of any of your "official" or "private" acts, which perhaps some Abolitionists may have criticised with too little charity. Now, brother, the question is, may not those who refuse to vote for you, be as honest in their belief that slavery finds unrighteous law in the Constitution, as you are in yours that it does not? This I presume you will not deny. We act according to our own consciences in *not* voting, as you act in accordance with yours *in* voting. Do we require you to act according to our conscience or judgment? No, verily. Why, then, do you require us to act according to yours? Where now is the tyranny over conscience? Let "sound logic" and your own conscience, my esteemed brother, give the answer. "Oh, it is sad that Abolitionists should so wrong each other!" Enlighten us if you can, but do not charge us with tyranny and intolerance, because we cannot violate our consciences to make you President.

You complain that your anti-slavery "words and deeds" (the honesty and excellency of which I freely and fully admit) "avail nothing, so long as (you) do not interpret the Constitution as (I) do." I answer you these have availed much towards securing my humble esteem and warm affection. Whether they ought to avail to "put (you) into political office" when I cannot do it, if you were as holy as Gabriel, without violating my own conscience, I leave my friend to judge.

After all the arguments I have read from yourself and from Messrs. Spooner, Goodell and others, I cannot dismiss from my mind the impression that the Constitution requires the return of fugitive slaves to their cruel house of bondage. Is it a matter of marvel that its framers should permit this, when they permitted the piratical foreign slave trade, without limitation, with all its horrors of the middle passage and its interminable cruel bondage, to curse humanity for twenty years?

The refusal to terminate at once this infernal traffic, and the engagement to return to the oppressor the victim of his unrighteousness, were selfish compromises with the "god of this world" who "goeth about seeking whom he may devour." The nation is now reaping, in some degree, their appropriate fruits.

My heart responds to yours in desiring "that Abolitionists might stand by each other, and suffer no unessential disagreements to part them," in respect to the main issue of our glorious enterprise, which is to "proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof." But while we have *one heart* respecting the *end*, we may have *different judgments* respecting the *means*. "Forbearing one another in love," let us, as each conscientiously can, pray and labour for the entire extinction of an outrage on humanity, the victims of which may say to other sufferers,

"——Come mingle griefs with me
And drown your little streams in my unbounded sea."

With affectionate esteem, your friend,
HENRY GREW.

TIFFANY'S MONTHLY is devoted to the investigation of Spiritual Science. No. 3, vol. II. (for November), contains a variety of papers, of which we give the titles, as follows: Necessity for continued Inspiration; A Plea for Christianity: Christ a Condition, not an Individual; Propositions; Consequences of Government Interference with Individual Sovereignty; Propositions; The Second Sphere of Knowledge and Mind; Proposition; Spiritual Phenomena; Proposition; A Short Sermon. The spirit of this work, though eminently religious and reverential, is yet *rationalistic*, in opposition to all external and textual authority. It discusses with great ability the religious and philosophical problems evolved by modern Spiritualism, bringing to light much that has been studiously concealed from common minds by the unscrupulous devotees of a church in league with superstition and oppression. Partridge and Brittan, 342 Broadway.

TWO CHAPTERS IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

Coloured Men with a Country to Fight for and not ashamed to ask and receive their aid.

"HEAD QUARTERS SEVENTH MILITARY DISTRICT,
MOBILE, Sept 21, 1814.

"*To the Free Coloured Inhabitants of Louisiana:*

"Through a mistaken policy, you have heretofore been deprived of a participation in the glorious struggle for national rights, in which *our* country is engaged. This no longer shall exist.

"As sons of freedom, you are now called upon to defend *our* most inestimable blessings. *As Americans*, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children for support, as a faithful return for the advantages enjoyed under her mild and equitable government. As fathers, husbands, and brothers, you are summoned to rally around the standard of the Eagle, to defend all which is dear in existence.

"*Your country*, although calling for your exertions, does not wish you to engage in her cause without remunerating you for the services rendered. Your intelligent minds are not to be led away by false representations. Your love of honour would cause you to despise the man who should attempt to deceive you. With the sincerity of a soldier, and in language of truth, I address you. * * *

"ANDREW JACKSON,
"*Major-General Commanding.*"

Dec. 18, 1814, just before the battle of New Orleans, Gen. Jackson issued the following address to the coloured soldiers who had patriotically responded to the above appeal.

"SOLDIERS!—When on the banks of the Mobile, I called you to take up arms, inviting you to partake the perils and glory of your *white fellow-citizens, I expected much from you;* for I was not ignorant that you possessed qualities most formidable to an invading enemy. I knew with what fortitude you could endure hunger and thirst, and all the fatigues of a campaign. *I knew well how you loved your native country*, and that you, as well as ourselves, had to defend what *man* holds most dear—his parents, wife, children, and property. *You have done more than I expected.* In addition to the previous qualities I before knew you to possess, I found among you a noble enthusiasm, which leads to the performance of great things.

"Soldiers! The President of the United States shall hear how praiseworthy was your conduct in the hour of danger, and the representatives of the American people will give you the praise your exploits entitle you to. Your General anticipates them in applauding your noble ardour.

"The enemy approaches; his vessels cover our lakes; our brave citizens are united, and all contention has ceased among them. Their only dispute is, who shall win the prize of valour, or who the most glory, its noblest reward.—By order,

"THOMAS BUTLER, *Aid-de-Camp.*"

CHAPTER II.

Coloured Men without a Country to Defend them in the hour of need.

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
Washington, Nov. 4, 1856.

"*H. H. Rice, Esq., New York City.*

"SIR: Your letters of the 29th ultimo and 2d instant, requesting passports for eleven coloured persons, have been received, and I am directed by the Secretary to inform you that the papers transmitted by you do not warrant the Department in complying with your request.

"A passport is a certificate that the person to whom it is granted is a citizen of the United States, and it can only be granted upon proof of this fact. In the papers which accompany your communication, there is not satisfactory evidence that the persons for whom you request passports are of this description. They are represented in your letter as 'coloured,' and described in the affidavits as 'black,' from which statement it may be fairly inferred that they are negroes. If this is so, there can be no doubt that they are not citizens of the United States. The question whether free citizens are such citizens is not now presented for the first time, but has repeatedly arisen in the Administration of both the National and State Governments. In 1821 a controversy arose as to whether free persons of colour were citizens of the United States, within the intent and meaning of the acts of Congress regulating foreign and coasting trade, so as to be disqualified to command vessels; and Mr. Wirt, Attorney-General, decided that they were not; and, moreover, held that the words, 'citizens of the United States,' were used in the acts of Congress in the same sense as in the Constitution. This view is also fully sustained in a recent opinion of the present Attorney-General.

The judicial decisions of the country are to the same effect. In Kent's Commentaries, vol. 2, p. 277, it is stated that in 1833 Chief Justice Dagget, of Connecticut, held that free blacks are not 'citizens' within the meaning of the term as used in the Constitution of the United States, and the Supreme Court of Tennessee, in the case of the State against Claiborne, held the same doctrine.

"Such being the construction of the Constitution in regard to free persons of colour, it is conceived that they cannot be regarded, when beyond the jurisdiction of this Government, as entitled to the full rights of citizens; but the Secretary directs me to say, that though the Department could not certify that such persons are citizens of the United States, yet, if satisfied of the truth of the facts, it would give a certificate that they were born in the United States, and free; and that the Government thereof would regard it to be its duty to protect them if wronged by a foreign Government, while within its jurisdiction, for a legal and proper purpose.

"I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,
"J. A. THOMAS, Assistant Secretary."

To what a depth of meanness has the Government of the United States, under the sway of the slave-breeding and slave-trading oligarchy of the South, descended! Down with a Union which thus debauches the people and makes the very name of liberty a by-word and a scoff!

MRS. STOWE IN EDINBURGH.

IN THE STANDARD of Nov. 1st we copied from the *Scottish Press* a brief notice of Mrs. Stowe's visit in Edinburgh, wherein she was reported as having spoken in friendly terms of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its friends. In the London *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for November, which has just come to hand, we find a much more complete report of her observations, which we have great pleasure in laying before our readers.

MRS. STOWE IN EDINBURGH.

Mrs. Beecher Stowe, after spending some time at Dunrobin Castle, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, made a short tour in Scotland, visiting many places of historical interest. Although her health does not admit of agitation or much exertion, yet her heart is so much in the anti-slavery cause, that she neglects no effective opportunity for advocating it in a quiet way. In Edinburgh she had a social meeting among others with the members of the Ladies' Emancipation Committee, whom she encouraged to proceed in their present course, assuring them that every honest effort from this country is of the utmost value to the cause in America. She gave a sketch of the different parties in the United States, and explained their relative importance. She alluded particularly to that clause in the United States Constitution which reckons every slave as three-fifths of a man in establishing the numerical basis upon which representatives are sent to Congress from the slave States. This clause, with the vast increase in the cultivation of cotton, and its enormous consumption throughout the world, had greatly tended, in Mrs. Stowe's opinion, to the increase in the number of slaves: but excessive cultivation had also, in the same proportion, exhausted and overworked the soil of the slave States. Thus the slaveholders had been necessitated to look out for fresh territory over which to extend their system. In this effort they had already succeeded to an enormous extent, and are eagerly desirous of grasping more. Their ambition has called forth the Free Soil party, whose object it is to baffle this design. In their opinion if slavery can be circumscribed within its present limits, the system must die out. Mrs. Stowe considers that although Col. Fremont, the present Presidential candidate of this party, has no power over existing slavery, his election would be an unmistakable indication of improved public opinion, and that it would also prevent the admission of Kansas as a slave State, for he would disallow the votes of the Missouri invaders. As the President has the employment of all the State officers, she has full confidence in their being filled up by Colonel Fremont with opponents to the continuance of slavery. Mrs. S. then described the operations of the non-voting Abolitionists of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which, she said, were of a *deeper* character, as, through their holding aloft uncompromisingly a high standard of anti-slavery principle, they create the feeling which is the necessary *foundation* of all anti-slavery movements, whether political or benevolent.

Mrs. Stowe gave a lively sketch of her anti-slavery experience from the time of her first visit to Europe. She then knew nothing of the differences among Abolitionists, and was surprised, on her arrival in Glasgow, to find two societies each eager for her opinion. She told them all that Mr. Garrison was an excellent man, and most important to the anti-slavery cause in which he was the prime mover. Since her return, she had communicated freely with all parties, and entered freely into the subjects of difference, and felt it quite right to cooperate with the American Society. Indeed, she could not do otherwise, for whenever she was in want of documents she could not be supplied so well anywhere as at their office. She said that the Executive Committee of that Society are the noblest set of people to be found anywhere, and spoke highly of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD as an u

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 10, 1856.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard:

Now that the elections are over, and people are felicitating themselves and each other that such is the case, it may be as well to look around and endeavour to ascertain how far any essential principle of good government has been sustained or sacrificed by the result of the contest.

It appears to be placed beyond a doubt that James Buchanan, the candidate of that political party which styles itself *Democratic*, has received a majority of the *electors*, though in the *popular* vote he will be in a minority. This fact of itself, as represented by the votes of those who still may claim a right to the name of freemen, may have the effect of restraining the newly elected President from carrying out the desires of such of his supporters as are anxious for the extension of slavery, either by demanding its free entrance into the Territories or by the acquisition of foreign territory by war or purchase, for the same object.

A President with the determination of Jackson might undertake to act on his own will and coerce majorities into his measures, or one with the pliancy and want of principle discovered by Pierce might submit to be governed by the Slave Power without reference to any other authority or appearing to be sensible that any other course was expected from him, or open to him: but James Buchanan *cannot* imitate the first, and, if not a fool, *will not* imitate the last.

The result of the election in this State is anything but flattering to our State pride, since we observe whole communities voting in herds in favour of the so-called Democratic nominee, and giving as their reasons for doing so the most preposterous of arguments and such as no person possessed of ordinary reasoning faculties would attempt to urge. The old threat of *disunion* was brought to bear on the German population of the interiour, with all its train of war rapine and ruin, in which the negroes were always represented as monsters of vice and prime actors in the scene. *Forney* and his coadjutors knew how to touch their fears and their prejudices, and plied them well with all manner of lies calculated to arouse a blind opposition to any restriction of slavery. *Berks* County, heretofore famous for its devotion to the "Constitution and Union," *alias to Jackson, slavery, lager beer and whiskey*, has outshone herself in this contest and may now claim the crown and prize for the greatest—not political virtue but —political prostitution. The Slave Power has no more subservient tool than J. Glancy Jones, whom Berks sends to Congress again by a majority of over six thousand; whilst the adjacent Counties have pursued a similar course, though with less unanimity. Still their crime is the result of blind ignorance, and they are, therefore, less guilty than many other sections where the same plea could not be urged in defence with equal force. In this City the advocates of Mr. Fillmore were more desirous to circumvent Fremont than to defeat Buchanan, and their numbers and activity throughout the State were quite sufficient to accomplish their object, which was to give the State to Buchanan if they could not elect their own candidate.

The "Alliance ticket" was an unfortunate measure for the supporters of Fremont, since it subjected them to the charge of union with the Know-Nothings, whereby they probably lost many votes, and still worse, their identity as a distinct party, whilst they gained nothing in return; the *imported* citizens nearly all voting for Buchanan—the majority of them being too ignorant to distinguish between the *profession* of democracy and the *practice* of free principles.

Our merchants and manufacturers also were stricken with fear for their trade with the South, and a statistical table or schedule of its extent and value was published for effect; but no table showing the number and value of the slaves owned by residents of Philadelphia, nor of the amount of capital invested by our citizens in lands in the Southern States, was given, nor the amount of mortgages and other claims which were secured upon Southern property, of which the most valuable portion is conceded to be their *slaves*. Such a document, if the facts could be procured, would, I think, form almost as interesting an item as the one relating to our manufactures for the slaveholders did, in enlightening the world upon the subject of Philadelphia politics, and might explain the devotion of many of our citizens to the "Constitution and Union" as having a less patriotic foundation than the existence of Independence Hall in our midst.

The position occupied by the supporters of Fremont was so narrowed down and contracted in their platform and by many of their speakers and papers that the advocates of Fillmore, in the free States, professed the same sentiments, and in many instances the *Democracy* in anti-slavery sections also expressed a wish that "freedom should triumph in Kansas." Still, we have had much of genuine anti-slavery preached during this campaign, and numbers have been carried beyond "freedom for Kansas" to an examination of the whole subject of American slavery, and have arrived at the conclusion that slavery and freedom cannot exist in the same body politic or social organization without the one encroaching upon the other. They are finding out at this late day, what Abolitionists endeavoured to make them comprehend from the first, that in endeavouring to keep any one class in slavery, the liberties of all others must be circumscribed, if not entirely sacrificed. Sympathy for the condition of the descendants of Africa may be ignored—our social, political and religious character before the world may be treated with indifference—no sense of honour, justice or decency may operate upon the prejudices and selfishness of this people to induce them to remove this evil—but let them see that they are binding chains upon their own heels and upon the necks of their children, *then* we may look for action, earnest, perhaps fearful, action. This state of feeling the slaveholders have been accelerating with rapid strides recently, and, without a change in their tactics, there *does* appear to be a fair prospect that a stern resistance to their demands may ere long be a permanent and fixed fact, not a mere momentary ebullition of party excitement. Some, however, are inclined to pursue a different course for the overthrow of slavery, by granting its latest demand, *the reopening of the African slave trade*—the slaveholders and their pious apologists in the free States being determined to baptize slavery or inaugurate it as one of the means or elements of extension to Christianity, a great missionary work for the redemption of Africa. It has by some been thought that the direct trade with Africa might materially lessen the horrors of the home trade, and, by making *production* unprofitable to Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and Kentucky, induce those States to take decided and early steps towards emancipation. Such a course partakes too much of the Machiavelian policy to meet the approbation of any but those whose code of ethics will admit that "the end justifies the means." There is another class which, knowing that slavery is an element of weakness, is so selfish as to defend the South in its persistency in retaining the institution and extending it still further south, because it makes the South more dependent upon the North, not only *politically*, to enable her to hold her slaves, but *commercially* dependent upon us for their supplies of merchandise, manufactures, &c., whereby we may enjoy the profits of slavery without being placed in immediate contact or relation with the institution. These latter can always vote and act with the slaveowners politically and defend themselves at home on the plea that "thereby we have great gain." They are very numerous in our cities, but of rarer occurrence in the rural districts, though abounding everywhere and claiming to be "as much opposed to slavery as you are, *but*"—that all-important, never-falling *but* serves to satisfy them, if it does not you, that they are "cunning as serpents and harmless as doves."

The political contest through which we have just passed may not have eliminated any new ideas upon the subject of slavery, but it has given broader diffusion to those already extant and prepared the public mind to listen to argument, and to reason upon the subject in many places where it has heretofore been interdicted, and has paved the way for a more thorough anti-slavery spirit, which, with other reformatory measures, will be felt in all future contests between right and wrong.

Some of our newspapers and others in New York are exultant at the removal of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng from the Rectorate of the Church of the Epiphany in this city, who, you are aware, preached a sermon, some two or three months since, on "Our Country's Troubles," which bore rather hard upon some of his Vestry, who are largely interested, by themselves or wives, in the ownership of slaves. It appears, however, that the Vestry were dissatisfied before the offensive sermon was delivered, having early discovered that Mr. Tyng was not disposed to be kept in leading-strings, but had a mind and will of his own, and that his earnest independence was so popular with the congregation that it would not answer the views of the Vestry to trust the election or rejection to them or to the *communicants*, but to a small number of *male* pew-owners (females being denied the right of voting in this orthodox church). That an Episcopalian minister should, from the "sacred desk," denounce our national sin was indeed an exhibition of devotion to Gospel duty quite unexpected. He ought to have considered that the wealthiest, and therefore the most influential, of his Vestry were contributing to the church funds from their plantations in Virginia and Carolina, from the unpaid toil of slaves. Consequently, the pro-slavery Church and the pro-slavery Press, hearing of his removal, agree in saying, "Served him right." Certainly, for when did preacher ever point to wickedness in high places, particularly in the synagogue, without hearing the demand go forth, *Crucify him, crucify him; he blaspheneth*. In this case a majority of the congregation are not disposed to condemn their pastor, and a division of the Church may be the consequence, whilst the desire of every just man should be that the truth may *in all places* be fully and fearlessly spoken, if thereby evil may be eradicated or prevented.

J.

To the Editors of The Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIRS: I have just received, from some unknown quarter, No. 857 of your paper, issued on the 8th instant, and find on the first page, under the head of "Selections," an article entitled "Negroes and Religion: The Episcopal Church at the South," purporting to be a "Memorial to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church," dated "Charleston, S. C., Oct. 1, 1856."

That article is a base, unprincipled forgery; and unless you deem such mean and malicious instruments worthy of your cause, you will do yourselves and that cause the justice to insert this disclaimer in a place as conspicuous as you have assigned to the fabrication.

AN EPISCOPALIAN.

☞If "AN EPISCOPALIAN," the quickness of whose anger is surpassed only by his solemn slowness of comprehension, had explored the third as well as the first page of THE STANDARD, "No. 857," he might have discovered that we did not suffer the "Memorial" to which he so indignantly refers to pass to our readers unaccompanied by the information that it had been pronounced, by a high dignitary of the Church, "a gross and base forgery." In other words, he would have found copied from *The Tribune* a note bearing the same signature with the above, and so nearly identical with it in terms as to leave small room for doubt that both are from one and the same hand. The remarks accompanying that note might perchance (if anything short of a surgical operation *could* achieve a feat so difficult) have brought home to his lag ging apprehension the truth, that, in gravely treating as "a base, unprincipled forgery," what was intended only as a trenchant satire, and instinctively received as such by the whole community, he had come a little nearer to "writing himself down an ass" than is compatible with prelatical dignity. If he follows the "Memorial" any farther with his sacerdotal denunciations, we shall expect next to see him gravely announcing to the world the discovery that Gulliver was an impostor and Don Quixote a cheat, and that *Punch* is a grand receptable for forgery!

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER *for November* contains six articles, as follows:

I. Analogy of Nature and the Bible. By Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D.

II. The Law of Burial and the Sentiment of Death. By Henry T. Tuckerman, Esq.

III. Modern Spiritualism. By Rev. Thomas Hill.

IV. President Lord's Defence of Slavery. By Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

V. A Homily in Verse. By Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D.D.

VI. Relations of Reason and Faith. By Rev. George E. Ellis.

The first of these papers was delivered as the Dudleian Lecture at Cambridge in May last. It is an argument from analogy in favour of the miracles recorded in the Bible. The second enforces and illustrates with much earnestness and eloquence the importance of not only protecting by law, but encouraging through art and by emphatic recognition, memorials of the departed—the sentiment of retrospection and reverence which embalms forever the examples of the benefactors of our race, and endears the loved and lost of our affections. The third is an effort to discredit and disparage as useless and pernicious the phenomena popularly called "spiritual manifestations." The writer thinks there is no satisfactory evidence of their spiritual origin, and that they are substantially identical with those "consultations with the dead" forbidden by the law of Moses. His treatment of the subject seems to us to be quite illogical, incoherent and shallow, but others may think differently. Mr. Clarke, in the fourth article, effectually demolishes the prop of sanctimonious sophistry wherewith the President of Dartmouth College has attempted to buttress the tottering walls of slavery. The *reductio ad absurdem* is very happily applied to the Doctor's scriptural and ethical philosophy. Dr. Frothingham's verse is worthy of the place it fills. The sixth article closes, we infer, the series of polemical papers begun some time since by Mr. Ellis, and which have attracted attention among theologians of various schools. The "Notices of Recent Publications" evince the critical judgment and discrimination which have so long characterized *The Examiner*.

Summary.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN.—*Southerner*—We of the South give the North statesmen; you give us wooden-nutmegs.

Northerner—Well, the exchange is not so far from even; the statesmen are of about the same quality as the nutmegs.—*Evening Post.*

THE FREE PRESS REVIVED IN KANSAS.—The fifteenth number of the Kansas *Herald of Freedom* was issued Oct. 30, its first appearance since the 31st of May. The types and presses were destroyed at the sack of Lawrence. The *Herald* was revived by means of contributions collected by Mrs. Brown, while her husband, G. W. Brown, the editor, was in prison.

A REAL BLACK REPUBLICAN.—The Boston *Chronicle* states that a coloured man named Butler, belonging to New Bedford, came from California, by the last steamer, on purpose to vote in the pending election. Ascertaining that he could not vote in California, he has come four thousand miles, at a great sacrifice of time and money, to cast his vote for Fremont and Freedom!

MARYLAND.—It will be noticed that in every Ward in Baltimore more or less votes were given for Fremont. The call of the Richmond *Enquirer* upon the South, to put Baltimore upon the suspected list, and to watch that city carefully, for developments of Free Soil sentiment, seems to have had some foundation in truth. It wisely and justly remarked that the interest of that port was by no means closely identified with the institution of slavery.

IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH.—The New York *Times* gives currency to a rumour "that Mr. Buchanan does not intend to undertake the occupancy of the White House alone. He feels the necessity of a help-mate; and is said to have made arrangements for a joint tenancy with an accomplished Southern widow, who has already had the advantage of four years' experience in that position." The lady in question is Mrs. Polk.

ANOTHER HAUL.—*The Independent Republican*, published at Point Pleasant, Mason County, Va., says:

"The Abolitionists have made another haul from this place. On Saturday night last, six slaves, five of them, a woman and four children, belonging to Dr. S. G. Shaw, and a negro man belonging to Mr. Wm. S. Sterrett, left for a free territory. From the manner in which these slaves escaped, we have no doubt but that they had assistance from this side of the river. We have Abolitionists amongst us, and how long will our citizens submit to these depredations upon their property?"

A WILL CASE.—The Columbia *South Carolinian* states that the celebrated case of Mr. Willis—who took a coloured woman to Ohio, freed her, and bequeathed to her and her children (who were also his own) all his property in South Carolina—has just been decided by Judge O'Neall, at the late term of the Court at Barnwell. The jury gave a verdict *against the validity of the will*—partly on the ground that it was procured by fraud and insanity, and partly because it was opposed to the policy of the State, as declared by the act of 1841. It has been appealed.

WM. A. WHITE.—The Madison (Wis.) *Argus* of the 31st ult., says: "We learn that the friends of Mr. White are coming here to settle up his affairs. Great doubt still hangs over his fate; as no indications are known whether his disappearance is only a case of voluntary absence, or whether he has committed suicide, or met with foul play. It is said that he was deeply involved, and that some of our citizens were on his paper for large sums."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—"Seed Grain" is the title of an excellent book of selections, by Mrs. Lowell, recently published by Ticknor & Fields. During the Agricultural Horse Show, a rural visitor stopping by the handsome window of Phillips, Sampson and Co., in Winter street, pondered upon a placard some time, and then entering, said: "I see you've got *seed grain;* I guess I'll take some—a peck or so." His mistake was explained; but seed for thought was not what he desired, and therefore he did not purchase.—*Boston Transcript.*

We are informed that the eminent Orthodox clergyman, Rev. Dr. Blagden, and the Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, within a few minutes of each other, voted for Col. Charles G. Greene, the border ruffian candidate for Congress. What does the new coalition betoken? How about the disreputable woman in scarlet against whom the Doctor must have frequently discoursed? On this fifth of November the anniversary of England's deliverance from the Pope and Guy Fawkes, the question becomes momentous. What shall become of the lambs of Israel when the shepherds are on such friendly terms with the wolves? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?—*F.—*Boston Telegraph.*

FLETCHER WEBSTER AND HIS IRON POT.—Judge E. R. Hoar spoke at Lowell on Saturday evening. In the course of his remarks he referred to the remark of Mr. Fletcher Webster, that "while he does not approve of the assault on Mr. Sumner, yet if he had made such a speech as Mr. Sumner's he should have *put an iron pot on his head.*" Judge H. said that it might occur to some of his audience that for the son of such a father to allow himself to be taken about the country as a decoy duck for Mr. Buchanan, and in his journeyings to utter a remark like that, would render it very appropriate that he should hide his head in something; but he would venture to suggest to that innocent gentleman that when he is considering the contingency of his making such a speech as Charles Sumner's, he should take into account whether it would not be necessary to put something into the *inside* of his head, before the occasion would be likely to arise.—*Boston Tel.*

VERMONT LEGISLATURE.—In the Vermont Legislature, on the 1st instant, an order was passed instructing the Select Committee on Kansas Affairs to inquire into the expediency of disbursing money from the public treasury for the relief of settlers in Kansas. A series of resolutions condemning the outrage upon Senator Sumner by Brooks, of South Carolina, was passed—ayes 160, nays 16. A resolution approving the speech of Mr. Sumner, in the Senate, in May last, was adopted —ayes 152, nays 7. Resolutions offered by a Democratic member, condemnatory of the course of Anson Burlingame, of Massachusetts, were rejected.

BLUNDER OF A FRENCH JOURNAL.—The Paris *Patrie*, having been reading some high-seasoned Democratic electioneering in United States papers, and particularly a paper printed in St. Louis in the German language, in which the Republicans are called "Nigger Bosses" (nigger kissers)—takes the matter literally, and reports it as an extraordinary fact, that a new religious sect has originated in the United States, called "Adorateurs des Negres," which being interpreted means "Negro Worshippers," which bids fair to swallow up all the other isms and clams of the day.—*Boston Transcript.*

GOV. WISE'S DESCRIPTION OF VIRGINIA.—"You have relied alone on the single power of agriculture—and *such agriculture!* Your sedge-patches outshine the sun. Your inattention to your only source of wealth has seared the bosom of mother earth. Instead of having to feed cattle on a thousand hills, *you have had to chase the stump-tailed steer through the sedge-patches to procure a single beef-steak.* The present condition of things has existed too long in Virginia. The landlord has skinned the tenant, *and the tenant has* skinned the land, until all have grown poor together!"

EXPLOIT OF A RUNAWAY.—A few days ago, a negro in a neighbouring County of North Carolina took his master's horse and buggy and rode off. He traded the horse for an inferior one, no doubt receiving money in the bargain. On reaching the vicinity of South Mills, he discharged a pistol loaded with shot at the buggy, turned the horse loose, put blood (perhaps from a chicken) in the road, and then proceeded on foot, it is thought, in the direction of this city. His owner had but recently purchased him, paying the sum of $1,200.

The following is from the *New Orleans Delta* of the 10th instant—one of the most rabid of the Buchanan Disunion papers in the country:

"Mr. Buchanan's election would be little more than a negation, but for the pledges he has given to the Ostend letter, and in his endorsement of the Cincinnati platform. The South, under his Administration, would have four years longer for preparation. She would have time to strengthen her outposts, placing Kansas, if possible, on one flank, and Cuba on the other, with a valuable rallying point in Nicaragua."

Mr. Burlingame's election, in the face of such an opposition, a combination of Beacon street with Ann street, a union of the loftiest conservatism with the deepest radicalism, is a most gratifying triumph. His defeat would have been a burning shame, a voluntary humiliation to which no constituency could submit without degrading something more than itself. All New England would have felt it. It would have been Massachusetts saying to South Carolina, "spit in my face, if you please; I will not resent it." To oppose Mr. Burlingame, under the circumstances, was most cruel; to have beaten him would have been disgraceful.—*Providence Journal.*

MORE METHODIST DIVISION.—It is well known that the last General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church refused to consider the paper published at Baltimore, and called the *Methodist Protestant*, any longer a General Conference paper. Its pro-slavery character was the cause—troubles having sprung up in Illinois, and the West generally, about its truckling to the South. A split has also occurred in the Madison College, Pennsylvania, and a new pro-slavery Methodist Protestant concern has been established at Lynchburg. The leaven is working, and it will not be long till the Methodist Protestant Church will be distinctly divided into two divisions, Anti-Slavery and Pro-Slavery.

TWENTY-SIX PASSENGERS ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—It is reported that fourteen slaves escaped a few nights since from Kenton County, Kentucky, and that about the same time twelve others were missing from the vicinity of Maysville. Of course all have gone rapidly northward. Those at Maysville are said to have crossed the ferry under the guidance of a white man, who told the ferryman that the negroes were wanted to carry pig-iron across the river to keep the furnaces going all night. When they got over on free soil, the ferryman, was requested to wait for their return, which he did for a considerable time. A white man was arrested on suspicion of having thus aided the negroes to escape, but as there was no evidence inculpating or identifying him, he was discharged.—*Cincinnati Gazette, Nov. 4.*

MR. SUMNER.—We learn that Hon. Charles Sumner, by the advice of his physician, Dr. Perry, proceeded to the residence of Professor Longfellow, at Cambridge, yesterday afternoon, in order to avoid the excitement attendant upon the reception of the election returns. We are happy to learn that Mr. Sumner is apparently no worse than before he left Philadelphia, although the excitement on Monday had so much effect upon him that he was obliged to take morphine before he could sleep. He yesterday attempted the labour of directing some documents for Europe, but the exertion was too much, and he was obliged to desist. Rest, quiet and absence from excitement seem to be the essentials of any improvement in his case, and it is to be hoped that this fact will be remembered by his friends in their demonstrations of esteem and affection.—*Boston Traveller.*

THE NORTHERN DEMOCRACY FROM A SOUTHERN POINT OF VIEW.—COOL.—The Charleston *Standard* of the 28th ult., speaking of the Northern Democrats, says:

"Their only safeguard, they find, is to say that slavery is right, and for that reason it ought to be extended as far as it will naturally go. We are glad of this. We felt from the first that it was the only safe position for those North or South to stand on; and we have known that we have done no disservice to Democrats at the North by backing them up, in season and out of season, to that stand. The reaction is becoming so strong in public opinion all over the country, that we would not be surprised to find the pro-slavery party transcend the instincts of the people, and control the councils of States where there is no slaves. If the slave trade were reopened, Pennsylvania would be with the South in less than ten years, and we are not certain that she may not yet assist in reopening it."

NEGRO BANDITS IN ALABAMA.—Mr. Chester, editor of this paper (says *The Syracuse Journal*), has received a letter from his brother-in-law, William Wright, Esq., who is now travelling in the South, detailing the particulars of an exciting scene through which he had lately passed. Mr. Wright was travelling in company with a party of gentlemen, by stage, toward Tuscumbia, Alabama, on the 19th ult. The roads were new, and a portion lay through a thick swamp. While in the midst of this swamp, nine negroes surrounded the stage and ordered the occupants to alight and deliver. One of the stage party refused to comply with their demands, when a fight ensued. A burly negro attacked Mr. Wright and was dispatched by his dirk. Another, when he saw his comrade fall, pitched upon Mr. Wright, succeeded in depriving him of his dirk and attempted to stab him. In warding off the blow Mr. Wright lost three of his fingers. The negro was subsequently shot by one of the party. At this juncture another stage came up, and the seven remaining negroes made hasty exit.

"DRED" IN PARIS.—Mrs. Stowe is unquestionably a financier as well as an accomplished writer. By the want of an international copyright law, she lost the immense fruits she might have secured on the sale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in Europe. She will do better on "Dred." Before the book was published in New York, she arrived in London and there secured a copyright, and put the book to press as an original English work. The English copyright interdicts its reproduction in France, since there exists an international law between England and France on literary matter. Mrs. Stowe will therefore receive a sum in addition to every book sold either in the United States, England or France. This is justice, and should have been done in the case of "Uncle Tom," but the authoress was too late in taking the necessary steps. The French translation of "Dred" is nearly finished, and will soon be issued from the press. Mrs. Stowe is exercising a supervision over the translation herself; that is to say, she requires of her French publisher a careful and faithful translation. In the meantime, the London edition at 3½ francs, and the Tanchnitz (Leipsic) edition at 2 francs, have met a large sale in Paris among English readers.

WENDELL PHILLIPS spoke twice yesterday in Westminster Hall upon the subject of American slavery. His discourse in the morning, though less connected and argumentative than usual with him, was a brilliant effort, and one which would have made the reputation of most men. It was both instructive and eloquent, and embellished with some of the rarest flowers of fancy and rhetoric. Some passages were exceedingly beautiful and touching, and moistened the eyes of men wholly unaccustomed to the melting mood. Mr. Phillips is one of the most graceful orators of New England orators; and if he had not early allied himself with an unpopular movement, would this day have been not less distinguished in his native Boston than Winthrop or Everett. The audience in the morning was very large, more than could find seats; and in the evening there was a perfect rush of people, enough to fill two or three halls like Westminster. Many no doubt were attracted by Mr. Phillips's winning eloquence; but the subject which he discusses has now a deeper hold of the hearts of men than at any previous time within the memory of this generation.—*Providence Journal, Oct. 27th.*

A FACT BIG WITH MEANING.—On the 14th day of October, C. M. Clay and James Buchanan were both stopping at the Monongahela House in the city of Pittsburgh. The two gentlemen being both in Pennsylvania aiding by their counsels and speeches their respective parties. A leading Pennsylvania Buchanan man calls at the Monongahela, and requests the clerk to "show him to the room of Mr. Clay, of Kentucky." The gentleman was shown to the room of *Cassius* Clay, and as he never before had met with either of the Mr. Clays, did not mistrust that he was in the presence of *James B.* After the usual salutations, the Buchanan Committee man intimated that he had called for consultation upon political matters of some importance—and proceeded to say, that BISHOP HUGHES *had given him authority to say that he had any amount of money in his possession, for the success of the Democratic party in Pennsylvania, and the election of Mr. Buchanan!* Mr. Clay intimated to his visitor that perhaps he had mistaken his man. "But, you are Mr. Clay of Kentucky?" "Yes, *Cassius* Clay." Whereupon the Committee man shot out of the room, as if a torpedo had fallen somewhere in that neighbourhood.—*Cleveland Leader.*

A FREE STATE IN TEXAS!—Some may look upon such a thing as a free State of Western Texas as improbable, particularly at a time when such strenuous efforts are being made to carry slavery into Kansas, where slavery does not now exist by positive law. Yet there is a strong probability that such an event will occur within the next ten years. Our opinion is based upon the fact that foreign immigration is greater than domestic, by at least ten to one; and upon the well-known fact that foreign immigration is opposed to slavery, from principle, prejudice, and education. And there are many of the immigrants from the older States, opposed to slavery, who quietly tolerate it so long as it is an institution of the State, but who will vote no slavery when the question comes up whether Western Texas shall be a free or slave State. This fact is not generally known; if so, it is not duly considered. The vote of the adopted citizens of Texas now numbers at least twelve thousand. In less than ten years it will be increased to three times that number, unless the naturalization laws are changed. This increase will be in a much greater ratio than that of the native-born vote.—*San Antonio Texan.*

A COLOURED SWINDLER.—The New Orleans *Crescent* of Friday, the 3d inst., furnishes the following account of a coloured swindler's operations in that city. It will be seen they were on quite a large scale:

"Louis Ferrand, a free coloured man, of light complexion and genteel manners, a dealer in real estate, who has always lived in this city and borne an excellent reputation for honesty, 'has gone by the board' so far as his honesty is concerned; but with a tact that any white *chevilier d'industrie* might envy, he fell here with means enough to rise in glory elsewhere. By means of his excellent reputation, upon the strength of which he borrowed money and passed false checks and notes throughout the circle of his acquaintance, he has been successful enough to carry off, it is estimated, about $50,000 of their money. One man he swindled out of $5,000; another out of $4,000; another out of $1,500; another out of $1,000; and innumerable others out of sums varying from $1,000 down to $100. The full particulars of this extensive swindle will doubtless come out before the Recorder soon; already several affidavits have been made and warrants issued, which it is more than probable will be returned with the endorsement, 'not found after diligent search.'"

GOV. GRARY A SLAVEHOLDER.—The pro-slavery course of Gov. Geary in subduing the Free State men in Kansas, has been a matter of surprise to many, but need be no longer. He is one of those Northern slaveholders—owning and working men—in the South, who are the fit tools of Pierce, Buchanan, Wise, Brooks, Atchison, Stringfellow, Douglas, Soule, and the Border Ruffians, in making Kansas a slave State. It is no longer a marvel that pro-slavery robbers and murderers go entirely "unwhipt of justice," under Geary's administration. The Lecompton correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, under date of Oct. 23, writes:

"Gov. Geary cannot disguise his real sentiments, or sit on the fence any longer. That he is a pro-slavery man is well known. He owns a large number of negroes in Virginia, where he has an extensive iron establishment worked by slaves. He told a Free State man, on whom he wished to make a good impression, last week, that he meant to sell his slaves in Virginia; but he sought to gain the good opinion of the Free State men at Washington, before his appointment, by announcing the same to them. Yet he still holds the slaves, and nobody doubts here that he will continue to do so, unless Buchanan's election should so enhance the price of negroes in Virginia that he should find it profitable 'to realize.'"

A SINGULAR POLITICAL WAGER.—*Boston, Friday, Nov. 7*, 1856. Major Benjamin Perley Poore, the late Fillmore candidate for Congress in the Sixth District, arrived in the city this afternoon, with his wheelbarrow and barrel of apples, which he had wheeled all the way from Newburyport, a distance of thirty-six miles, in two and a half days. The job was in fulfilment of a bet with Colonel Burbank, the Fremont State Senator elect, that Fillmore would get more votes in Massachusetts than Fremont. The Major, wheeling his apples, was accompanied up State street, about 2 o'clock, by the Fillmore Clubs of Boston and Charlestown, a military company and a mounted cavalcade of citizens. The novelty of the performance attracted many thousands of the people, and the Major was greeted with tremendous and tumultuous applause from all sides. He delivered the apples to Colonel Burbank on the steps of the Tremont House, when both gentlemen delivered congratulatory speeches, mounted on the barrel. Ten thousand people were present.

LETTER FROM THE WIDOW OF LORD BYRON.—Andover, Nov. 10, 1856.—*To the Editor of The Boston Telegraph.*—DEAR SIR: I have just received from London a note from Lady Byron (the widow of the poet) to Mrs. Stowe, of which I send you a copy.

"OCTOBER 18, 1856.

"DEAR MRS. STOWE: Will you kindly undertake, in transmitting my subscription towards the relief of the sufferers in Kansas, to secure this point—that the money shall not be applied to the purpose of *providing arms?* It is, however, intended as an expression of sympathy with those who have resisted oppression at the hazard of life and property; and I cannot but hope that such sympathy is felt as warmly by many here as by Yours most truly, A. T. NOEL BYRON."

The inclosure was a draft for sixty-five pounds sterling.

Having had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Lady Byron, I can testify that she is one of the most intelligent and most truly excellent women I have ever seen; and her sympathy, good will and prayers for the cause are, to my feelings more gratifying than any amount of money. I will say of her what was said of Mary in the Gospel: "*She hath done what she could.*" Respectfully yours, C. E. STOWE.

GOV. AIKEN IN PROVIDENCE.—A public speaker, in addressing a large Republican meeting in Providence, the other day, took occasion to draw a contrast, not only between Massachusetts and South Carolina, but between the true and the false gentlemen in Carolina itself—instancing in the latter connection the generous bearing of Gov. Aiken in conducting Speaker Banks to the chair, and the brutal assault of Preston S. Brooks upon Senator Sumner. After the meeting, he was greatly surprised to receive a note from Gov. Aiken himself, stating that he had heard the speech, and soliciting the pleasure of a personal interview. The speaker had not imagined that Gov. Aiken was within a thousand miles of Providence. Under the circumstances, and to prevent misconstruction, he thought it more proper to refrain from the interview, and sent to Gov. Aiken a courteous note excusing himself. A very handsome letter was received in reply, expressing great satisfaction at the whole tone and tenor of all the speeches upon the occasion, and indicating a general concurrence in the sentiments uttered. It is not generally known that Gov. Aiken has been travelling through the North, but such is the fact. He is an illustration of the truth that the largest slaveholders do not belong to the fire-eating class, but are men of moderate views, and well able to appreciate a moderate and reasonable spirit wherever found.

A SOUTHERN VIEW OF THANKSGIVING DAY IN THE NORTHERN STATES.—The Baltimore *Sun*, alluding to the fact that Thursday, November 20, has been fixed upon by most of the Governors of the Northern States for the annual Thanksgiving, asks: Where are the Governors of the States south of Maryland? The inquiry has provoked the following rather snappish reply from the Carolina *Times*:—

"We are impressed that the Governors of the States south of Maryland are all at home and competent to decide for themselves when it will be proper to fix upon a day to offer up thanks to the Almighty for past blessings. The movement on the part of Northern Executives is no criterion for Southern men. We are subject to law common and divine, and need

'No bleeding bird nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea
To wash a dismal stain away.'

"It is meet and proper that the miserable, sin-stricken, polluted and ungodly population of the North should beg pardon for their black sins recorded, committed against God, their country and fellowmen. As a generation of vipers they ought to be warned to flee the wrath to come; yet we believe that the waters of Jordan, Arbana and Pharpar would fail to wash them and heal their leprosy, even though they were to dip seventy times seven. They have much to be forgiven, and we would advise them to pray often—pray long and pray loud. Baltimore, especially, ought to be covered with sackcloth and ashes."

THE NORTHERN EPISCOPALIAN CLERGY APPLAUDED BY A SOUTHERNER.—PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.—The Rev. Lewis Trapier, of Charleston, has addressed a letter to the Charleston *Mercury*, October 22, in which, speaking of the Episcopal General Convention recently held at Philadelphia, he says:

"And from first to last (with the exception of a single speech, which, though inflammatory enough, fell like a spark upon the water), not a word has escaped from any one, however far away in the North, or the East or the West, which might not have been spoken at the corners of Broad and Meeting streets, and would not have met approval there. Ay, more, *we Southerners have been greeted with most cordial affection, listened to with respectful attention, and treated altogether with such fraternal consideration, that our hearts are very full of love to them, and of thankfulness to God.* South Carolina and the Massachusetts are on the best of terms; New York and Virginia exchange and interchange continual courtesies; Ohio and Mississippi are arm in arm; Maine and Texas go side by side; and the whole Convention in both Houses, by acclamation agree to meet next south of Mason and Dixon's line, in Richmond Virginia, expressly to give proof to the Southern brethren of confidence and affection, and evidence to all the rest of the world that however conscientiously we may differ, even about the "*questio vexata*" of the day, we are all determined that we will not, therefore, break the bond of Christian fellowship; but would rather, if we may, *help with that fellowship to stay the torrent, which also may sweep away the fair fabric of our civil Union.*"

THE AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—It is a notorious and undeniable fact, that the African slave trade always has been, is now, and in all probability always will be, carried on by Northern hands. The vessels engaged in that trade are built in and owned in New York and New England, and are manned mostly by New Englanders. It is not, of course, the better portion of the Northern people that embark in, or countenance this traffic. It is the refuse and scum of Northern society who would be equally ready for piracy, if it yielded equal profits and could be perpetrated with equal impunity. There are wretches who would commit any crime to make money, who would engage in any business, no matter how destructive to the morals or the welfare of a community, so that it would put money in their purse. It is this class of Yankees, and this alone, who are engaged in the African slave trade, and who would like to see it revived. It would seem a little inconsistent that Abolitionists should be in favour of the slave trade, with all the horrors of the middle passage, but the inconsistency is not great. Revive the slave trade, and they enlarge the sphere of their commercial operations, supply the South with negroes with one hand and steal them away with the other. This has been their mode of operations from the beginning. They brought the slaves here originally, and having received the purchase money, are eternally endeavouring to rob them from the purchasers. Should the South propose a revival of the slave trade, it will be a proposal made in good faith; but when the proposition is favoured by slavers or pirates, of another section, we look upon it as the old abolition game, selling articles that they may have a chance of not only pocketing the proceeds, but plundering the purchaser of the article sold.—*Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.*

C. C. BURLEIGH A SUBSTITUTE FOR HIS BROTHER.—S. S. Griswold, writing to *The Liberator* from Greenmanville, Ct., says:

"We have had some very able speakers here during the campaign. Last week, Mr. Wm. H. Burleigh was expected, but as he could not fill the appointment, his brother, C. C. Burleigh, was sent in his room. Floral Hall was filled to listen to a Free Soiler, when, lo and behold! all were disconcerted by the appearance on the platform of the hirsute Garrisonian, with a huge pack of books, which he soon arrayed in saleable order. The mercury in the Republican thermometer fell below zero at the very sight of his ringlets and moustache.

"After being introduced by the President of the Club, Mr. Burleigh apologetically explained how he came to be there, and then proceeded to give one of his most effective speeches, and for more than two hours he chained that audience to their seats by his eloquenee and irony, often bringing down the house in thunders of applause. Although himself a Garrisonian, and holding no political connection with the Republican party, yet it is due to Mr. Burleigh to say, that while he never compromised his own views, he treated the subject in such a gentlemanly way, that none but mere sectarians could find fault with him. To be sure, there were a few, who 'go it blind' for Fremont, who grumbled a little, but nearly all pronounced the speech capital, and I am sure that a higher anti-slavery sentiment will be the result. While, therefore, all would have been glad to have heard Wm. H. Burleigh, yet C. C. filled his place well. And further, many have now heard one whom they would not have heard had not an overruling Providence so ordered."

COST OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.—Few people ever think of the *expense in cash* of a Presidential contest. Yet it is really something enormous. The vast machinery necessary to carry on such a canvass—the number of organizations which it requires—the amount of printing, of writing, of postage, and labour of every kind which is brought into service, is far beyond any estimate usually formed. Let us state a few facts which may aid in forming an opinion.

There are about 900 Counties, and not far from 9,900 towns, in the thirty-one States composing the Union. Every town has one political club of each party—and many towns more. There were, undoubtedly, during the last canvass over 15,000 organized clubs, belonging to each of the political parties within the United States—the number of Fremont clubs may have been 5,000 less, since the Republican organization did not extend into the slave States. Each of these clubs was in active operation for at least *three months*. Each of them required rooms, printing, postage, more or less travelling of their officers and committees: and these, with other incidental expenses, could not have amounted, on the average, to less than $100 a month —or $300 for the canvass. The labours performed by their secretaries, presidents and committees would certainly amount to the steady services of at least *three men* each, worth not less than $100 each for the whole three months. Not less than 1,000 persons have been actively engaged, for nearly the whole of the canvass, in making speeches and public addresses—travelling from place to place, and always at an expense which must be met by somebody—and entitled, of course, to have their own services estimated at a fair price—probably $500 for each, including their expenses, would not be a low estimate.

Then, on election day, there are opened in the United States not less than

Miscellaneous Department.

BLACK AND BLUE.

Forty years ago, there went out to India, in the good ship Globe, Ensign the Honourable Francis Gay, a younger son of the Right Honourable the Earl of Millflower. The ensign was in his nineteenth year, and was proceeding to join his regiment, which was stationed at Chinsurah.

Lord Millflower, in his heart, hoped that his son would never return; he was so great a disgrace to his family. There was no vice with which this youth was unfamiliar. He had been expelled from no fewer than seven schools. In two instances his offence was theft. His conduct had so preyed upon the mind of Lady Millflower that she lost her reason. At seventeen, he committed several forgeries of his eldest brother's, Lord Larkspeare's, name; and he took a similar liberty with the name of his father's steward. But these offences were hushed up. He was also guilty of a deed of violence, for which his life would have been forfeited had the case been tried, instead of compromised; for, in those days, such a deed of violence was a capital offence. His family were in constant fear lest he should be transported as a felon, or hanged at Newgate. It was, therefore, some satisfaction to them when the Honourable Francis consented to hold a commission and join his regiment in India. Lord Millflower's other sons, four in number, were all steady, well-conducted, and rather dull beings, while Francis was remarkably gifted, as well as remarkably vicious. He had both talent and genius, humour and wit; and, much as he had neglected his education, he was well read and well informed for his time of life. In personal appearance, also, the reprobate had the advantage over his brethren. None of them were even good-looking except Francis: who was really very handsome; well-proportioned and tall. His manners, also, always frank, were, when he pleased, dignified and courteous, and his bearing particularly graceful. What he wanted was feeling, to regulate his passions. Of feeling, he was in his youth, wholly destitute.

Lord Millflower had taken the precaution of writing to the colonel of the regiment his son was about to join, and at the same time enclosing a sum of money for the purpose of freeing Francis from any pecuniary difficulty. Colonel Role himself had the misfortune to have a very bad boy, and he therefore sympathized deeply with the worthy nobleman, and resolved to do all in his power to reform the Honourable Francis.

After a passage of four months, the Globe arrived at Calcutta, and the Honourable Francis Gay, proceeded to Chinsurah and joined. For several weeks he conducted himself with (for him) wonderful propriety. It is true that he drank and played at billiards and cards, and sometimes an oath would escape his lips, but he indulged in no excesses. The officers of the regiment, indeed, thought the ensign a great acquisition, for he was not only a very pleasant but an entertaining companion.

But, by degress the Honourable Francis fell off; and, ere long, so far from having a friend in the regiment, there was no one who would speak to him. Even the colonel was compelled to forbid him his house. Many, very many acts, unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, had been looked over by his senior; but it was resolved that, on the very next occasion of his transgressing, the honourable ensign should be brought to a court-martial and dismissed the service. This resolve was communicated to the ensign by the colonel, who had become tired of lecturing him.

"The next time you are intoxicated on the parade ground, or the next time you use bad language in the mess-room, or the next time you publicly insult a brother officer, provoking him to quarrel with you, you will forfeit your commission." Being the son of an earl, he was entitled—many colonels think—to every possible chance of redemption. Had he been the son of a commoner, he would, most probably, have been court-marshalled and cashiered for the very first offence.

"Thank you, sir," replied the ensign, with a low bow; "I will be more cautious in future."

He kept his word. From this time he did his duty extremely well; and, to all outward appearance, was a reformed character. The officers, observing this, generously made advances, with a view to resuming their former relations with him. But the Honourable Francis repulsed their advances. The whole regiment had thought to cut him; and he now thought proper to cut the whole regiment.

Several months passed, and during that period the ensign applied himself to Hindoostanee and Persian. He encouraged the natives to come to his bungalow, to talk with him, and by night and by day pursued his studies. The result was, that he soon conversed with perfect ease and accuracy. He now began to live like a native—a Mahommedan; and, except when he had to attend to his regimental duties, he wore the native costume, and abstained from drink entirely. With truth, he might have said with Conrad,

> "The grape's gay juice my bosom never cheers;
> I'm more than Moslem when the cup appears."

His food was rice, milk, vegetables and fruit; the bed upon which he slept was hard and mean; such as the natives use. The whole of his European furniture he sold by auction.

His desire—the desire of a doubtfully reformed reprobate—to convert to Christianity a young Mahommedan girl, astonished all those who became acquainted with this desire. The girl was a daughter of a water-carrier (Bheestie). She was not like the natives of India, but more like those of Africa. She was coal-black, and had thick lips and wavy hair. She was short for her age—fourteen years—but thick set, with powerful limbs. The girl's father told the servants belonging to other officers of the regiment, and the curious whim of Gay's became a topic of conversation.

Jehan, the bheestie's daughter, was a virtuous girl, and Francis Gay had never approached her with a view to undermining her virtue. It was no easy matter to persuade her to change her religion; but, strange to say, he at length succeeded, and Noor Jehan was baptized as Ellen by a missionary who journeyed to Chinsurah for the purpose of performing the ceremony. The sanity or otherwise of the ensign was now very generally discussed in the regiment, and the prevalent opinion was, that he was a lunatic. But, the good colonel was a little angry at the surmise. "Surely," he said, "you do not accuse a man of being a maniac because he has converted an infidel."

The regiment was ordered to march to Cawnpore; whither Ellen and her father also proceeded. Cawnpore was then the chief station in the upper Provinces of India. Five thousand troops were quartered there. A regiment of dragoons, a regiment of native cavalry, a regiment of British infantry, and two of native infantry. Besides horse and foot there were companies of artillery, and sappers and miners.

Very shortly after the regiment was settled in Cawnpore, the Honourable Francis Gay paid a visit to the chaplain, and intimated a desire to be married. The chaplain, of course, expressed that he should be most happy, and there and then a day and hour was appointed for the performance of the rite; but, when the reverend gentleman came to hear who was to be the honourable ensign's bride—the black daughter of a native water-carrier—he could not help remarking:

"I am sorry, Mr. Gay, that I cannot, with sincerity, offer you my congratulations."

To which the ensign responded:

"My good sir, I did not ask them." And retired with a bow.

The chaplain drove to the house of Colonel Role, and told him of the interview which had just taken place between himself and ensign the Honourable Francis Gay. The colonel called upon the young man, and entreated him to reflect. "I *have* reflected, sir," was the ensign's reply. The colonel then went to the general; and the general sent for Mr. Gay to attend at his bungalow. Mr. Gay obeyed the summons, and listened with attention and much calmness to a long and violent speech. When it was ended, however, Mr. Gay, with extreme courtesy, and in the quietest of tones, spoke thus:

"General, you had a right to command my attendance here upon any military matter, but not upon any civil matter. However, I waive that, because I believe your intention to be a good one. You, general, have arrived at the years of discretion—perhaps at something beyond those years. You have, at all events, arrived at a time of life when the tumultuous passion of youth can no longer be pleaded in extenuation of certain follies. Now tell me, general, which of us, think you, sin the most, and set the worst example to the men, European and native, in this station? I, who wish to marry this good Christian girl—or you, who have in your house ——." Mr. Gay then made mention of two very discreditable members of the general's establishment. "This is a question which I shall put to the commander-in-chief, if you abide by your threat to report me to his excellency."

That night, the general and Colonel Role held a consultation. The colonel still doubted the ensign's insanity. It had become a fixed idea in the regiment that Gay was insane. The general caught at this, and a committee of doctors was appointed to examine the ensign. They reported that ensign the Honourable Francis Gay was not only of sound mind, but one of the most intellectual young men in the station; and that he had explained to their entire satisfaction certain conversations which he had frequently held with himself in Chinsurah, at the mess-table.

The wedding day had been put off, in consequence of these proceedings, but the parties now met in the church, which was crowded with officers, including near the entire medical staff, who were curious to witness the spectacle. There stood the tall and handsome English aristocrat, and beside him his coal-black bride, dressed in garments of red silk trimmed with yellow and gold tinsel. The ensign acted as the interpreter, and explained to Ellen in Hindoostanee the vows she was required to take. This made the ceremony a very long one. When it was concluded, the bride got into her palanquin and was carried home. The bridegroom mounted his pony, and rode by her side.

Ellen—now the Honourable Mrs. Gay—was a girl of great natural ability, of an excellent disposition and was blessed with an excellent temper. She had, moreover, a very sweet voice. After her marriage she was never seen by any European in Cawnpore, except her husband. It was believed that the ensign saved more than two-thirds of his pay, which Ellen, who had an excellent idea of business, used to lend out in small sums to people in the bazaar at the rate of fifty per cent. per mensem. If she lent a rupee (two shillings) she would get back at the end of the month, a rupee and eight annas (three shillings) by way of interest.

A year passed away, and a son and heir was born to the Honourable Francis Gay. The child had light blue eyes exactly like those of his father, but his complexion was quite as black as his mother's. When the child was three months old, it was brought to the church, and publicly christened. Mr. Gay and the pay-sergeant of the company he belonged to, being the god-fathers, and Ellen the god-mother. The names given to the infant were Ernest, Augustus, George, Francis, Frederick; such being the names, respectively of Lord Millflower's sons. Ernest was the eldest, Augustus the second, George the third, Francis the fourth, and Frederick the fifth and youngest. Not long after the birth of his son, Ensign Gay obtained his promotion to the rank of lieutenant, and received, of course, an increase of pay.

Fever became prevalent, and cholera. Several of the captains and senior lieutenants fell victims; and in less than three years Lieutenant Gay got his company (the regiment was now at Meerut), and retired from the army by the sale of his captain's commission. It was supposed that he was worth a great deal of money—a lac of rupees (ten thousand pounds) at the very least. Whither he went, no one knew, and no one cared. One of the servants—whom he discharged previous to leaving the station of Meerut—said he believed that his master had gone either to Affghanistan or to Lahore.

Let us now return to Europe. A few years after Captain Gay had sold out of the army, his eldest brother, Lord Larkspeare, was killed while grouse shooting, by the accidental discharge of his gun; his second brother, Augustus, a captain in the army, was lost in a vessel which was bringing him home from Canada; his third brother, George, died of small-pox three days after he had taken his father's second title. Of his son Francis's marriage, Lord Millflower had been informed, and also of the birth of the black child, the Honourable Ernest Augustus George Francis Frederick Gay. Colonel Role had deemed it his duty not to withhold these facts, albeit they were disagreeable to communicate to the noble earl. Lord Millflower begged of Colonel Role to institute an inquiry into the fate of his Francis, and the colonel did so, but without success. No clue to his whereabout could be discovered, nor could any one say what had become of him. Under these circumstances it was taken for granted that he was dead. Another five years passed away, and the Earl of Millflower departed this life. He was, of course, succeeded in his titles and estates by his son Frederick.

Now, let us return to Francis. He became a dealer in precious stones, and travelled over the whole of India, under the name of Mustapha Khan, visiting the various native courts. Every tour that he made occupied him three years. Constantly moving about in the sun had tanned his once fair face; and, neither from his appearance, for he was dressed as a native, nor from his speech, could the natives themselves detect that he was an European. He gave out that his birthplace was Nepaul, where the natives are sometimes born with blue eyes. He bought and sold, and was apparently very happy in his occupation. His wife and son invariably accompanied him in his travels. He had never written to his family since his arrival in India, and had not received letters from any member thereof. India he loved, England he detested, and would not have taken up his father's title if it had been a dukedom. He never approached the abode of an European, and never saw a newspaper. He was not likely, therefore, to hear of the changes that had taken place at home. In the bazaar at Delhi, Captain Gay had a small house, in which were deposited his effects, a few boxes filled with clothes, books, &c., his sword, and the uniform he used formerly to wear. These were under the care of a man-servant—a sweeper. The bulk of his worldly wealth he invariably carried about his person, as many natives of India do.

Ernest Gay was now twelve years of age. He was usually called by his parents Chandee, a word signifying silver. Chandee was clever and cunning, and had a wonderful talent for calculating numbers. In less than a minute, by counting on his fingers, he would tell you the interest due on such sums as three rupees, five annas, and seven pic, for twenty-one days, at forty-one three-fourths per cent. English he had never heard spoken; and as he had never been taught that language, he did not understand a single word of it. Nor could he read or write Hindoostanee; although he spoke it in all its purity and elegance.

There was about to take place a marriage in the family of the Rajah of Pulbecala. Mustopha Khan (Francis Gay) journeyed from Delhi to the rajah's court, to exhibit his jewels. He had diamonds, rubies and emeralds of great price, and some of these he hoped to dispose of to advantage. The rajah, however, had already provided himself with these matters, and, therefore, confined his purchases to a large cat's-eye ring, for which he paid Mustapha fifty gold mohurs (eighty pounds). On his way back to Delhi, at a place called Kunda Ka Serai, a band of robbers attacked the jewel-merchant. They hacked him to pieces with their swords; but they spared his wife and the boy. The whole of their treasures were stolen, even the rings from Ellen's ears and fingers, and the gold bangles which Chandee wore upon his arms.

When her senses were restored to her, Ellen, with the assistance of her son, dug a grave in the sand, and buried her butchered husband. The bearers who carried the palankeens ran away as soon as the robbers attacked the party, and were no more seen. Most probably they had some small share of the booty, the value of which the Sirdar estimated at four lacs of rupees (forty thousand pounds). Whatever had been Francis Gay's vices when a youth—and they were great enough in all conscience—he had been a kind and affectionate husband to Ellen, and she most bitterly deplored his loss; violent was the grief of Chandee, who was devotedly fond of his father.

They heaped stones over the grave of the dead man, to mark the spot where he was laid, and, after their own fashion, offered up prayers for the repose of his soul.

The murder having been committed within the dominions of an independent prince, Ellen knew that her wrongs were not likely to be redressed if she complained; and that the British Government would not interfere, unless she made known that her husband was an English man. This, she felt, would be contrary to the wishes of the dead. Hopeless and helpless, she and her son made the best of their way to Delhi, where, having collected a few debts that were due to them, they established a small shop for the sale of native sweet-meats. They carried on this business for three or four years, when Chandee grew weary of it, and set up in the world as a box-waller, or pedler. His box contained pens, ink and paper, needles, pins, knives, scissors, soap, eau de cologne, tooth-brushes, matches, and so forth. His customers were the European officers, who gave him the name of Black and Blue, from the colour of his eyes and skin. A box-waller is always a great cheat—as great a rascal as was Autolycus himself; Black and Blue, if the truth must be told, was not an exception to the rule or race. But, no one could grudge him his profits when the cuffs and kicks which were playfully administered to him by the young lieutenants and ensigns are taken into consideration. Black and Blue always took the rough usage of his customers in excellent part; and would generally make some such appeal as this (he had picked up a little English by this time); "Ah, well! I know! You rich white gentlemans—I poor black devil. I pray all day all night that ensign be made left'nunt; left'nunt, capitaine; capitaine, capitaine-meejor; meejor, kunnull; kunnull, meejor-jinneral; and then God bless your father and mother, and brother and sister; and then, for all that pray, I get so much kick and so many bad words. God make us all—black and white; all equal right up above. You want blacking? Here you are. Very good blacking—quite genuine; only one rupee a bottle. I suppose you not got ready money? Very well, I wait till pay-day come. I very poor man. You my master. Khuda Lord Kuren." The meaning of this expression, with which most natives wind up a speech to an European, signifies, May God make you a lord!

When Black and Blue was no more than five years old, he was playing one morning in his father's compound (enclosure—the land around a bungalow), when a pariah dog rushed in and mangled him very severely. The dog was rabid. Captain Gay called in the doctor of a native cavalry regiment, who lived in the next bungalow, and who cauterized the wounds. The child was bitten on the arms, legs and chest, and was under the doctor's treatment for upwards of five weeks. On several occasions when he visited his patient, the doctor saw and conversed with Ellen, who was naturally very anxious touching the child's safety. This doctor was one of the number who witnessed the marriage of Ensign Gay, at Cawnpore, and was also present when his offspring was christened.

Shortly after the recovery of the little boy, the doctor had been appointed a presidency surgeon, and had charge of one of the hospitals in Calcutta, where he remained for upwards of twenty years. He was then appointed superintending surgeon of the Meerut division. He had a son at Delhi, a lieutenant in the foot artillery, and occasionally went over (the distance is only forty miles from Meerut) to pay him a visit. On one of these occasions, Black and Blue, who had been sent for, made his appearance with his box, sat down on the carpet cross-legged, and opened out his treasures. There were several young officers in the bungalow, chums of the lieutenant; and, while the bargaining was going on, they began to teaze Black and Blue. One removed his turban with the point of a stick; another sprinkled him with his eau de cologne; a third touched the tip of his great toe (he had left his shoes, out of respect, in the verandah) with the lighted end of a cheroot. Black and Blue howled with pain, whereupon the two roared with laughter. The doctor, who was reading a paper, begged of the young men to desist, and, somewhat angrily, expostulated with his son for treating a native so cruelly; for he was touched with poor Black and Blue's appeal: "God make us all. When fire burns black man, black man feels as much pain as white man. In hell, you rich gentlemans sing out just as much as poor box-waller."

"Black and Blue is used to it, governor," said the lieutenant.

"Stuff, Robert!" said the doctor, "I address myself to you, and not to these gentlemen, when I say that I have no patience with such flippant cruelty."

"Sahib," said Black and Blue, looking up at the doctor, "you are very good gentlemans—very kind man, and very handsome. May God make you a lord; may your throne be perpetual, and may your end be peace; but do not be angry with these gentlemen. They play tricks with Black and Blue; but they are no enemies. If enemies, what for send to buy Black and Blue's property? Sir, you greatly oblige Black and Blue if you smile once more on these gentlemans. Sir, do you want any violent (violate) powder, or one small patent corkiscrew (corkscrew). All men born equal; God's rain wet black man and white man all the same. Devil's fire burn, too, both the same." Here he laughed at the lieutenant. "Take one packet of violent-powder. Every one rupee a packet. Well, then, take two for one, twelve. That can't hurt anybody. Less than prime cost. I give you my solemn word. Handsome sir, don't be angry."

The doctor, his attention attracted by those light blue eyes, set in that very black skin, stared at Black and Blue for several minutes after he finished the speech above quoted. He had never before seen such a peculiar expression as that on the face of the box-waller. Suddenly he recollected an instance of black skin and light blue eyes; but in that case the boy was half European, the child of the Honourable Francis Gay.

Black and Blue had occasion to change his position; and, in doing so, exposed the calves of his legs. On one of them was a scar, quite round, and about the size of a shilling.

"Good God!" exclaimed the doctor, who became both surprised and agitated, and allowed the newspaper to fall from his hand.

"What is the matter, governor?" asked the lieutenant.

"Nothing—nothing!" said the doctor, still staring at Black and Blue, whose countenance was no longer strange to him. "How did you come by that mark?" he at length asked, pointing to the scar.

"I don't know, Sahib."

"But did not your parents ever tell you?"

"No, Sahib. Parents used to say that it come of itself."

This was, no doubt, true.

"Have you another mark like that on your right arm—just here?"

The doctor placed his finger on the sleeve of the man's dress.

"Yes. But bigger mark that one. How you know that, Sahib?" He pulled up his sleeve and exhibited a scar the size of half a-crown.

"And another here—on your hip—and another here—on your ribs?"

"Yes. All them marks got, sir. How you know that, Sahib?"

The doctor was quite satisfied that Black and Blue was no other than his little patient of former years, and consequently the heir to the earldom of Millflower. Could it be possible, he thought, that Captain Gay eventually abandoned his black wife and child! If not, how came it that the boy (now a man of two or three and twenty) should be a miserable pedlar, living in the Bazaar at Delhi? When Black and Blue had sold all that the young officers wanted to buy—when no amount of coaxing and flattering would induce them to take anything more—he was about to take his departure; but, the doctor desired him to stay, and intimated to his son that he wished to have some conversation in private with Black and Blue.

"Where is your father?" the doctor asked.

"He dead, Sahib."

"When did he die?"

"Long time ago—ten or twelve year ago."

"Where did he die?"

"Mans—robber mans—kill him with sword."

"And your mother?"

Black and Blue told the doctor the whole of their history, since the death of Capt. Gay, and his statements were substantially true. Black and Blue, however, declared most positively that his father was a native, and no European.

"Do you think," the doctor inquired, "that your mother would see me if I went down to her home?"

"O yes—why not? Come along, Sahib. I will show where she live. You call for palankeen and get on. I run alongside."

The doctor's curiosity was very strong, and he could not resist the desire to satisfy it at once.

He accepted Black and Blue's invitation, and went to the house occupied by Ellen. Habited as a native, she was sitting on a coarse mat, smoking, and at the same time mending an old garment of her son's.

The doctor recognised Ellen, immediately; albeit she was now aged. But, at first she did not recognise him. He was altered very much in appearance. His hair and whiskers had become very grey, and he no longer wore a moustache.

Ellen parried all the questions that were put to her, and affected to be as much surprised by them as by the doctor's visit. The statement of her son she supported, that her husband was a native of India.

"O, but surely," said the doctor, "this was the boy whom I attended at Meerut, many years ago, when you and your Sahib were living near the Begum's bridge?"

"The poor woman looked at him for a moment, then repeated his name, and burst into tears. Her recollections crowded before her too thickly to admit of her dissembling any further with her visitor; and she admitted that she was the widow of Capt. Gay, of Her Majesty's —regiment of foot.

The doctor was under no promise to Ellen to keep his discovery secret; and, feeling at liberty to speak of it, did so, publicly, as well as in private. The peerages were looked into, and Black and Blue's pedigree examined. There were the names of all the late lord's sons, and sure enough there was Francis's name above that of Frederick's, the present earl; opposite to the name of Francis, were the letters signifying, "died unmarried." Black and Blue, of course, became an object of great curiosity. His right to a title did not induce him to alter his prices in any way, and hence, he was kicked and cuffed, and abused as much as ever, by the young lieutenants and ensigns, who, by-the-bye, always addressed him as "my lord," and "your lordship."

"Pomatum, my lord? 'Pomatum did you say?' Yes? But let me smell it. O! your lordship calls this pomatum? I call it hog's lard washed in sandalwood-water. How much? One rupee! O, you villainous peer of the realm! are not ashamed of yourself?"

Another would thus address him:

"Look here, Lord Black and Blue. Why don't you go home and upset your uncle? Turn him out of his title and estates—eh? You would be sure to marry some beautiful girl."

To this Black and Blue would respond:

"What do I want with title and beautiful gal? This is my home, and I got good business, good many friends, and two or three very beautiful gal?"

"Where, Black and Blue?"

"Ah! that is my business."

"Well, what will you sell your title for?"

"Well, what you offer?"

"One hundred rupees." (£10)

"Say one hundred and twenty-five."

"No."

"Well, take it—there! Give money and I give receipt. You write it out—I sign it. Sold one title to Ensign Matheson for a hundred rupees."

"But there are two titles, you ass; one an earldom, and the other a viscounty."

"Well, you take the two—give two hundred rupees for both."

"No. The one I have already bought is the biggest and of the best quality; the other is a small one, and of inferior quality."

"Well, I make reduction in price—take one with the other—and give me one hundred and seventy-five rupees. That can't hurt anybody that wants a title."

Would any of these lads, who had nothing in the world beyond their pay, have consented to an union between Black and Blue and one of their sisters, after he had come into what were his rights? No! Would the poorest and most unprincipled officers—civil and military—in the whole of India? No! Would any European girl of respectability, who lived in India—to say nothing of the daughters of gentlemen and ladies—have wedded the black heir to the title and estates of the Earl of Millflower? No! Not in India could his sable lordship have found a virtuous white woman to accept his hand.

In due course the story of Black and Blue's birth crept into the columns of one of the Calcutta newspapers, and, ere long, an attorney of the Supreme Court paid a visit to the imperial city, and had an interview with Black and Blue. He proposed to the box-waller to take him to England, and establish his claim to the estates, which he truthfully represented as worth more than half a million sterling—fifty lacs of rupees. He, the attorney, would pay all expenses of the suit, and, in the event of success, which was certain, would receive only five per cent. or fifty thousand pounds, leaving Black and Blue a balance of forty-five lacs.

Black and Blue, who loved and adored money, on hearing such a sum spoken of, rolled his blue eyes and red tongue, and almost fainted. But, then, to cross the black water!—as the natives call the ocean—that thought made him shudder and shake his head.

The attorney represented to him that he should live in great comfort during the voyage; that the best cabin in the ship should be taken for him; that he should have servants about him; and drawing forth a number of prints of English beauties, he exhibited them to the gaze of Black and Blue.

Black and Blue said he would consult his European friends. He did so, and many of those friends dissuaded him from going to England. Not that they had any doubt as to the issue of his claim, if it should be disputed; but, on the reasonable ground that he was very happy where he was. Others advised him to go by all means, and take up his title and the wealth that pertained to it. His mother entreated him not to leave her. But, in the end, the voice of the attorney prevailed, and Black and Blue declared himself ready to accompany him.

Ten thousand rupees (one thousand pounds) were given to Ellen for her support during the temporary absence of her son, who was to return as soon as he had realized his forty-five lacs (four hundred and fifty thousand pounds). It was said that a mercantile firm in Calcutta, in which an illustrious native gentleman was a partner, advanced the means required for the purpose of establishing the black man's right to the earldom.

The attorney possessed himself of the proofs. He had the papers of the Honourable Francis Gay, amongst which were letters from the late Lord Millflower to his eldest brother, Lord Larkspeare. He also, in the presence of credible witnesses, received from the hands of Ellen the dead man's uniform; secondly, he had the deposition on oath of the superintending surgeon, and of several other officers who were cognizant of every particular. Many gave these depositions with reluctance, but felt bound to speak the truth when interrogated. In a word, the attorney got his case up remarkably well.

Black and Blue and the attorney left Calcutta in one of the large passenger ships, and in the month of April landed at Gravesend, whence they journed to London. Here, Black and Blue was prevailed upon to wear Christian clothes. In his snow-white muslin dress, his pink turban, and his red slippers covered with gold embroidery, Black and Blue had looked an aristocratic native, notwithstanding he was so very black. [Colour is no criterion of high caste or rank in India. The late Maharajah Rooder Singh, of Darbungah, whose family—to borrow a phrase from Burke's Peerage—is one of stupendous antiquity, had the complexion of an African; while his younger brother, Basdeo, who now sits on the throne, is far fairer than his Highness the Maharajah Dulleep Singh.] But, in his black trowsers, black waistcoat, black surtout coat, white neckcloth, black beaver hat, and Wellington boots, poor Black and Blue looked truly hideous: while his slouching Indian gait would have led most people to conclude that he was intoxicated. Poor Black and Blue had never tasted anything stronger than water in the whole course of his life.

The attorney had an interview with Frederick, the Earl of Millflower. He wrote to the firm in Calcutta to that effect, and he further stated that the Earl had set him at defiance, and that he was about to institute the suit in the proper court.

This was the last that was ever heard in India of Black and Blue, or of the attorney. Inquiries were instituted, but with no avail. There were many conjectures; the one most generally entertained was that poor Black and Blue, and his undoubted claim, were disposed of by the attorney for a sum which satisfied him, and that Black and Blue was secretly led into indulgences in some foreign country, and died of their effects. But his mother, who is still living, will not believe that he is dead, and feels convinced that some day or other he will turn up and be restored to her.

"What on earth became of that black earl?" is a question very often put by many who were acquainted with his strange history.

NATURE AND HER LOVER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I remember the time, thou roaring sea,
When thy voice was the voice of Infinity—
A joy, and a dread, and a mystery.

I remember the time, ye young May-flowers,
When your odours and hues in the fields and dowers
Fell on my soul as on grass the showers.

I remember the time, thou blustering wind,
When thy voice in the woods, to my dreaming mind,
Seemed the sigh of the earth for human kind.

I remember the time, ye sun and stars,
When ye raised my soul from mortal bars,
And bore it through heaven in your golden cars.

And has it, then, vanished, that dreamful time?
Are the winds, and the seas, and the stars sublime,
Deaf to thy soul in its manly prime?

Ah, no! ah, no! amid sorrow and pain,
When the world and its facts oppress my brain,
In the world of spirit I rove, I reign.

I feel a deep and a pure delight
In the luxuries of sound and sight—
In the opening day, in the closing night.

The voices of youth go with me still,
Through the field and the wood, o'er the plain and the hill;
In the roar of the sea, in the laugh of the rill.

Every flower is a lover of mine,
Every star is a friend divine;
For me they blossom, for me they shine.

To give me joy the oceans roll,
They breathe their secrets to my soul,
With me they sing, with me condole.

Man cannot harm me, if he would;
I have such friends for my every mood,
In the overflowing solitude.

Fate cannot touch me; nothing can stir
To put disunion or hate of her
'Twixt nature and her worshipper.

Sing to me, flowers! preach to me, skies!
Ye landscapes, glitter in mine eyes!
Whisper, ye deeps, your mysteries!

Sigh to me, winds! ye forests, nod!
Speak to me ever, thou flowery sod!
Ye are mine—all mine—in the peace of God.

THE MEMORY OF GALILEO.

On this great name, my friends, assembled as we are to dedicate a temple to instrumental Astronomy, we may well pause for a moment.

There is much, in every way, in the city of Florence to excite the curiosity, to kindle the imagination and to gratify the taste. Sheltered on the north by the vine clad hills of Fiesole, whose Cyclopean walls carry back the antiquary to ages before the Roman, before the Etruscan power, the flowery city (Fiorenza) covers the sunny banks of the Arno with its stately palaces. Dark and frowning piles of mediæval structure; a majestic dome the prototype of St. Peters; basilicas which enshrine the ashes of some of the mightiest of the dead; the stone where Dante stood to gaze on the campanile; the house of Michael Angelo, still occupied by a descendant of his lineage and name, his hammer, his chisel, his dividers, his manuscript poems, all as if he had left them but yesterday; airy bridges, which seem not so much to rest on the earth as to hover over the waters they span; the loveliest creations of ancient art, rescued from the grave of ages again to enchant the world; the breathing marbles of Michael Angelo, the glowing canvas of Raphael and Titian, museums filled with medals and coins of every age from Cyrus the younger, and gems and amulets and vases from the sepulchres of Egyptian Pharaohs coeval with Joseph, and Estrucan Lucumons that swayed Italy before the Romans—libraries stored with the choicest texts of ancient literature—gardens of rose and orange and pomegranate and myrtle—the very air you breathe languid with music and perfume—such is Florence. But among all its fascinations addressed to the sense, the memory and the heart, there was none to which I more frequently gave a meditative hour during a year's residence, than to the spot where Galileo Galilei sleeps beneath the marble floor of Santa Croce; no building on which I gazed with greater reverence, than I did upon the modest mansion at Arcetri, villa at once and prison, in which that venerable sage, by command of the Inquision, passed the sad closing years of his life. The beloved daughter on whom he had depended to smooth his passage to the grave laid there before him; the eyes with which he had discovered worlds before unknown, quenched in blindness:

> Ahime! quegli occhi si son fatti oscuri,
> Che vider piu di tutti i tempi antichi,
> E luce fur del secoli futuri.

That was the house, "where," says Milton (another of those of whom the world was not worthy), "I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old—a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking on astronomy, otherwise than as the Dominican and Franciscan licensers thought." (Prose works, vol 1, p. 313.) Great heavens! what a tribunal, what a culprit, what a crime! Let us thank God, my friends, that we live in the nineteenth century. Of all the wonders of ancient and modern art—statues and paintings, and jewels and manuscripts—the admiration and the delight of ages—there was nothing which I beheld with more affectionate awe than that poor rough tube, a few feet in length—the work of his own hands—that very "optic glass" through which the "Tuscan Artist" viewed the moon,

> "At evening from the top of Fesole
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers or mountains, in her spotty globe,"

that poor little spy-glass (for it is scarcely more), through which the human eye first distinctly beheld the surface of the moon—first discovered the phases of Venus, the satellites of Jupiter, and the seeming handles of Saturn—first penetrated the dusky depths of the heavens—first pierced the clouds of visual error, which, from the creation of the world, involved the system of the Universe.

There are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo, when, first raising the newly constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon. It was such another moment as that when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strasburg, received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine Art; like that when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th of October, 1492 (Copernicus, at the age of 18, was then a student at Cracow), beheld the shores of San Salvador—like that when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton—like that when Franklin saw by the stiffening fibres of the hempen cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp—like that when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found.

Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right, *E pur si muove.* "It does move." Bigots may make thee recant it; but it moves nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus and demonstrated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth.

Close now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye; it has seen what man never before saw—it has seen enough—hang up that poor little spy-glass—it has done its work. Not Herschell nor Ross's have comparatively done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now, but the time will come when from two hundred observatories in Europe and America the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies, but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten. Rest in peace, great Columbus of the Heavens, like him scorned, persecuted, broken-hearted, in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honour.—*From Mr. Everett's Albany Oration.*

HOUSEKEEPING IN EL DORADO.

From Mrs. Farnham's "California, In-Doors and Out."*

On one of the most delightful farms—or, to use a term we like better in California—on one of the most delightful *ranchos* in this beautiful region, the writer sat down, eighteen months ago, with her two little sons, a female friend, and a farmer, with the intention of trying the chances of farming-life in California—a new life to me anywhere—but the very essence of newness in this strangest of all countries peopled by our countrymen, and made doubly strange by the new and startling aspects which individual, as well as general character, not unfrequently assume in it.

We had come from San Francisco by sea—been landed like bales of goods through the surf, partly in boats and partly in the arms of the seamen, and had walked out to our ranch, which the farmer had visited the previous evening. Behold me, then, landed, with Charlie trotting eagerly at my side, and a friend who had come down with us carrying dear Eddie on his back. My friend, Miss Sampson, had staid upon the beach—partly because she was unable to take the walk, and partly that a careful eye might be kept upon the goods as they were landed. See us, after a walk of two miles, on the 22d of February, through clover and grass four inches high, borne down by the heavy dews that had fallen on the previous night, enter the casa of El Rancho La Libertad. There have been two men occupying it before our arrival, who are to remove in the afternoon or the next day. Their household goods consist of a table—the roughest of its species—two or three old benches, three or four bowls, as many plates, and one or two articles of hollow-ware. The casa is not a cheerful specimen even of California habitations—being made of slabs, which were originally placed upright, but which have departed sadly from the perpendicular in every direction. There is not a foot of floor, nor a pane of glass, nor a brick, nor anything in the shape of a stove. The fire is made upon the ground, and the smoke departs by an avenue that seemeth to itself good, or lingers in the airy space between our heads and the roof, which is beautifully done in bas relief, of webs, dressed in pyroligneous acid.

The dimensions of the entire structure are about twenty-five feet in length by fifteen feet in width at one end, and diminishing, by beautiful convergence, to about ten feet at the other. A partition of slabs, thrown across the narrow end, rather divides the house than makes a room, of which the other three walls are so imperfect that you may walk through them almost where you will.

When Eddie, and a satchel or two that had come along with the party, had been deposited, and a brief survey taken of the beautiful spot in which this forlorn habitation stood, the men returned to the beach, and the boys and I were left to the housekeeping. Such outward apparel as I would have lain aside, I found it much against my inclination to deposit it in the soot and ashes that everywhere abounded; but after some search, I found means to get rid safely of bonnet, shawl, etc., and giving the boys license to explore the course of the little stream that babbled and brawled along its deep bed, within twenty feet of the door, I strolled out alone, to enjoy the exceeding quietnes and loveliness of the place—the first novel emotions at finding myself the mistress of it, and to get some idea of the capacities and resources of my future home. I had been told it was a beautiful place, but I was not prepared for the sort of impression it produced.

It was one of those peerless days, such as only a California Winter affords, with a cloudless sky above the head, and the earth piled with tenderest herbage under the feet. In the deep seclusion of La Libertad I enjoyed that silence and solitude which for a day one finds so welcome a change from bustle and annoyance, such as had been our previous lot in California. Only the song of birds, the bubbling of the stream over the roots of the trees whose tops embower it, mingled with the gleeful shouts of the delighted boys, who are already deep in the mysteries of its most secret places, greet my ear. The beating of the distant surf rather aids than breaks the silence, and by ascending a gentle slope to the right, I look out on a picture so filled with repose and beauty, that while I gaze, the hateful stir of the world in which I have lately been mixed up, seems to die out of the universe, and I no longer remember it. For the hour, I forget that life subjects the spirit to jar or discord, and am only conscious of the harmony that flows from the generous breast of nature into our own, when, for a happy moment, she gets undivided audience of it. Alas, alas! that lapse of time should constantly separate such seasons further and further apart in our lives!

On either hand, at a short distance from the stream, rise hills, now beautifully rounded, now more abrupt and stern, but all clothed with richest herbage, which herds of cattle are cropping in silent satisfaction. Just back of the house these hills approach each other so nearly, that what is a broad vale below becomes a deep ravine, with wooded banks, upon which a dozen tall redwoods tower above their neighbours, and seem, to my wondering eyes, to be penetrating the very clouds. In front, the hills open generously to the right and left, quite down to the large stream to which ours is a tributary, and stretch around a broad sunny vale that looks out upon the bay, over the gentle swell of land, much lower than the hills on either side, on which the old Mission buildings stand. Beyond this, I gaze upon the sparkling waters of the great bay, whose surrounding coast is diversified by hill and plain, cloud and sunshine, so exquisitely, that I deem it a fairy scene, rather than a portion of the real, peopled earth. So bright is it, in its newness and unrevealed deformities, so tender in its solitude and purity, so holy in its beauty, overhung by a sky whose pure blue seems made only to veil the heaven we imagine above from that we gaze upon beneath, I wonder, while beholding it, that religious